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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

Half the young men on board were evidently attracted by Margaret's pretty face and her air of maidenly reserve. She appeared, in fact, to create quite a sensation, although she was, or seemed to be, wholly unconscious. Latterly, however, I had noticed her somewhat paler and more dejected than usual. On the day of poor Widow Mahony's death, I was sitting alone towards evening on the quarterdeck, when old Rafferty, partly ascending the gangway steps, made a sign that he wished to speak to me. Touching his hat with respect, the old man said, in a low voice, as I approached him: "I made bold, miss, to speak to you about a thing that's troublin' me, because I know you take an interest in us all."

"Certainly I do, my good man!—what is it that troubles you now?"

"Why, it's all about that poor *gersha*, miss, that the master and mistress at home gave me in charge. I'm afraid that purty face of hers isn't for her good."

"Why do you think so?"

"Well, you see, miss, she's a soft, innocent sort of a *colleen*, with no sharpness at all in her, an' there's some of these chaps herabouts that's puttin' their comther on her."

"And what if they do?" I asked with a smile; didn't somebody put a comther (as you say) on her mother before her. It might be well for her after all if she and some decent young man made it up together to be married as soon as they'd come to shore. She'll be sure of protection then, you know."

"Oh! but that isn't what I mean at all, miss,—I wish to goodness it was only that."

"Why, what in the world is it, then?" I asked in some surprise.

"It's one of the mates, miss," and the old man dropped his voice to the lowest pitch, and looked cautiously round at the same time; "it's one of the mates—I think the first mate—that's makin' freer than I'd like with little Margaret. I didn't mind much at first, so long as she kept him at a civil distance, but I'm afraid, miss, she's beginnin' to give too much heed to what the fellow says to her, an' he's a fine likely fellow, too. Now I'm sure an' sartin he'd never think of marryin' a poor bit of a girlieen like

her, but he'll make her b'lieve anything he likes, and the longer she's in his way it's all the worse. So I just thought I'd ask your advice, miss, for I know you have the knowledge an' the understandin', that me an' the likes o' me hasn't, God help us!"

I candidly told the old man that his fears were far from being unfounded, and I promised—with a heavy heart, I confess—to do what I could. I knew well enough there was no use talking to the girl herself. In such a case as that, the only thing was to keep her out of harms way if possible. I went straight to Mrs. White and told her the story just as I heard it. Cool and passive as she usually was, she got quite excited before I had come to the end.

"Oh! the villain!" she exclaimed, "he has a wife and three children over on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey. Wait till I get my eyes on him—if I don't expose him never trust me for an honest woman!"

I hastily explained to the good lady that any open interference on her part would in all probability make matters worse, and I told her if she wished really to serve the girl, she would take her as a servant at once, and keep her so constantly engaged under her own eye that the enemy would have no further chance.

"Well! I really have no need of her—"

"No matter, my dear madam, a week or so will bring us to land, and when she is once sent off to her father we have no further care of her. Only let us keep her out of the fangs of this serpent while on shipboard, for she is young, artless and inexperienced, and I have heard many a sad tale of unprotected creatures such as she being seduced and corrupted on their passage to America. For God's sake take her into the cabin, apparently to wait on you, and I will pay you whatever you think it right to pay her."

My entreaties prevailed. That very evening Margaret Gilmartin was taken into the cabin as Mrs. White's servant, to the great dissatisfaction of all the other young girls on board who were disposed to regard her promotion with envy. The girl herself, though evidently proud of the distinction, was still very fond of straying to the forepart of the vessel, visiting the main-deck (ostensibly on her way to the steerage) much oftener than we could wish, and I had another cautious, stealthy visit from old Rafferty on the subject. After this I saw that we must go a step farther, and I accordingly got Mrs. White to bring in this Porter's name and mention his wife and family, one day at the dinner-table, just when I knew Margaret was within hearing. The captain, though knowing nothing of what was going on) took up the subject at once and spoke in very high terms of Porter's wife, saying that he had known her since she was no higher than the table, for her father was a brother-tar of his own—they were mates together for years not few on board the old North Briton. Just then a sound, as of some one sobbing made Mrs. White and myself exchange glances. The sound was from my room, so I made a sign to her not to move, and withdrew from the table as quietly as I could. Sure enough when I entered my little room and closed the door after me, there I found poor Margaret bathed in tears and as pale as a ghost. I sat down by her and tenderly inquired what was the matter. For some time I asked in vain, the poor girl doing all she could to suppress her tears and sobs for fear of being heard in the cabin. But the effort was too much for her, and when I again repeated my question, she murmured in a broken whisper that told the shame and anguish of her heart: "Oh Miss Preston, dear, isn't that the villain of the world?"

"Who, Margaret?"

"Oh! Mr. Porter—who else!—sure didn't he tell me along he'd marry me when we'd get to shore, an' it was only last night he made me

promise that as soon as we got to New York I'd go with him to the Priest's house! Oh God help me this day! what 'id become of me at all if I had gone with him—Miss Preston dear an' jewel, hadn't I the blessin' of God, an' some poor body's blessin' into the bargain—but do you think, miss, that there's no mistake in it—is he—is he—married?"

"Why, certainly, Margaret! I heard Mrs. White speak several times of him as a married man—"

"Well! the Lord be praised anyhow that I found it out in time!" She sighed as though her heart would break. "But oh! oh! who'd think he could have such badness in him?—he has such a smooth tongue an' such a deceitful way with him!"

"But now that you have found him out, my poor girl, I hope you will carefully avoid his company for the few days that remain of our voyage!"

"Oh! never fear, miss!—never you fear that!" she whispered with an energy that startled me, it was so unexpected; "if he ever dared to say a soft word to me again, I'd expose him before all the passengers—no! no! I'm so much ashamed of myself now for listenin' to him at all, that I hate myself a'most as much as I do him! Avoid him, indeed!—you'll see if I don't—he took me for a fool, but he'll find himself the greatest fool of the two. It's the best of his play for him to keep out of my way for the time to come."

She then requested me to say nothing to any one of what had happened, and I cheerfully promised what she desired, as a few words to assure Mrs. White of the success of our innocent stratagem was, I knew, no betrayal of trust.

Next day I was uncharitable enough to be well pleased when I overheard my good old friend, Mr. Wortley, asking the captain what in the world had happened to that good-looking first-mate of his.

"Faith! I don't know," and the captain smiled with the easy good-nature of a jovial Englishman. "I see he has his arm in a sling to-day. He shyed off so when I asked him how he got it, that I rather think he must have been larking amongst the girls below!"

"The deuce he was—serve him right, if so!" was Mr. Wortley's half-jocular answer. "That will teach him to let the girls alone," following the advice of an old song I once heard, I believe in Ireland!"

When I was next alone with Margaret I asked her if she knew anything about the wounded arm, whereupon she significantly upraised the broom she was then using, and pointed to its handle with a blushing cheek and a knowing smile, accompanied with a shake of her pretty head, as much as to say: "I gave it to him—I did—much good may it do him!" Then and there I shook hands with the spirited little Tipperary lass, and from that moment I took a heartfelt interest in her welfare.

From this incident I clearly saw the fearful dangers to which unprotected emigrant girls are exposed in their transit from Europe to America. My heart swelled with indignation as I thought of the manifold snares laid for their innocence both on board the emigrant-ship and on the foreign shore to which they are hastening in search of a home, and I could not help saying to Mrs. White,—whose kind heart was much affected by this occurrence: "What would I not give to be able to warn all young girls about to emigrate of the numerous dangers to which their virtue is exposed before they reach their destination, and even after they do reach it—dangers much more imminent than those of the ocean in its wrath. If they only knew how many defenceless creatures of their sex and country fall a prey every season

to these human monsters they would rather cling to the ruined homesteads where their parents, perhaps, died of famine,—ay! cling to them till death, and be buried with honor and decency by kindly hands in the old churchyard where their fathers slept, than cross the ocean to become foul and loathsome things, the prey of the vilest passions, the disgrace of their country and their race!"

The good-natured, placid Englishwoman could by no means understand the warmth with which I spoke, but she said, it was really too bad, and wondered that girls would expose themselves to such danger—"they ought certainly to stay at home," said she, "if they have no near relatives to come out with." In which opinion I quite concurred. On the whole I found Mrs. White so kind and so motherly in her way that I really felt sorry when the time of our parting came, the more so as there was little probability of our ever meeting again.

The Wortleys, too, and even our good-natured hypochondriac, Mr. Hampton, had each and all contributed to beguile the tedium of the voyage. Our vessel anchored over night in New York Bay, right in front of Staten Island, and while the captain and his wife entertained us in the cabin with a farewell supper, whereat appropriate songs were sung and appropriate toasts given with right good will, our ears apprised us that the passengers below were making merry in their own fashion. There appeared to be more than one violin amongst them,—as indeed we had found out at an early period of the voyage—and if they were neither of them Cremonas, nor any of the players likely to make their fortune by fiddling in the New World, they had the effect of making the people forget for a while their cares and sorrows and gloomy forebodings. Dancing was kept up down there all the evening with little intermission and with such spirit that the boards of the good ship creaked responsively. There is no knowing when the farewell *soiree* might have ended had not the signal been given for putting out the lights—I rather think somewhat before the usual time, owing to Porter's stirred-up gall—whereupon the hundreds of weary exiles who had been for a brief space so happily oblivious of their lot, consigned themselves to their various berths—few of them, to sleep as I could tell by the experience of that night—but to con over in their restless minds all their pre-conceived ideas of the *terra incognita* on which they were to land by the morrow's light. That night was, as it were, the threshold between two stages of life. It was neither of the past nor of the present, but a solitary measure of time, separating them one from the other.

Early next morning commenced the great bustle attending the breaking up, as it were, of a huge household. There was little time for either thought or speech, or it might have been a general leave-taking. When the doctor, from on shore, had made his professional inspection, and pronounced us all in a healthy condition—(I wonder would his report be couched in different terms had he been able to examine hearts!) we were at once declared "free to go," and then, as if by magic, the passengers were all in motion, all tired of the sea and eager, apparently, to get on shore, all scanning with curious eyes the coast which they were rapidly approaching, with the great, shapeless, promiscuous mass of ships and houses rising up on the near horizon right before us. Very indifferent substitutes for wharves are those which serve that purpose in New York—very discreditable, 'oo, to so great an emporium of trade—but such as they are we were very glad to get alongside them at that particular time. Just as the vessel made her last lurch and was elbowing her way into her appointed place, George had left me alone for a few minutes while he went to look after our baggage, and I was beginning to

feel rather awkward standing alone at the wheel-end of the quarterdeck, when old Mr. Wortley very opportunely approached and offered me his arm. "We shall be going ashore presently, William!" he said to his son who came up at the moment, "so you can go down for Rebecca now that you have got the baggage together on deck." Poor William repressed a rising sigh, and with a glance which I well understood, he left us to do his father's bidding.

"Miss Preston!" said the old gentleman after a short pause, "it will be long before my boy"—he always called him "boy" though he was six or eight-and-twenty at least—"it will be long before my boy forgets this voyage—it will indeed—and as for myself, my dear young lady, I never thought I should live to regret the loss of a Popish daughter-in-law—pardon me, my dear! I only say so in illustration, as it were—I used to think it would break my heart to see a son or daughter of mine wedded to one of that persuasion, but I do assure you, Miss Preston! I have lived to see my error—I should be very, very glad to give William a Popish rib now! I know you have positively refused him—at least the poor boy tells me so—but take a little time, my dear!—only think of it,—think of William's worth—for indeed, indeed, there are few young men like him—think of the independent position you at once secure, and think, too, of how anxious his old father is to have you for a daughter—think of all this, Miss Elinor! and you will not—you cannot hold out!"

"I must, my dear sir—I cannot do otherwise," I spoke with some difficulty, but I tried hard to appear quite composed—"I have told you, sir, and what is more, I have told your son that if he were of my own religion, I should be only too happy to become his wife and your daughter, and to find a sister in your sweet Rebecca, but William is a staunch Protestant, and I am, I thank God for it! as staunch a papist—as you say yourself—so you see there is a yawning gulf between us, and such being the case, we can come no nearer than we are. Believe me, my dear good sir! I regret our separation, perhaps fully as much as you do, but the fault is not mine—in all probability I shall never marry, but if I do, the man of my choice must be a Catholic."

"So this is your final answer?"

"My final answer!—may God bless you and yours—for your sakes, I will ever think kindly of your nation, little as I have hitherto loved the English name. Say nothing more on this subject before my brother, I beg of you, for he is disposed to censure what he calls my bigotry—never, though, was a term more grossly misapplied—I act solely from a sense of duty, convinced that I am doing the will of God!"

The old man had only time to squeeze my hand when George made his appearance and was quickly followed by William and Rebecca. Ever since I had positively declined his generous proposal, young Wortley had kept studiously out of my way, and I respected him all the more for this manly exertion of self-control. Had he been a Catholic, I should have chosen him from a thousand, for I saw him in possession of almost every quality I could have desired in a husband—as it was, I could not help regretting the obstacle which I felt to be insuperable, and I was well pleased that he prudently shunned my company. Lonely as I was it was very tempting to be offered such advantages on the eve of landing in a strange country, but I knew it was a temptation, and I prayed for strength to resist it. Strength I accordingly received, and the heart that would otherwise have been torn with anguish at the final parting was so wonderfully soothed and quieted by some invisible power that, I appeared perfectly calm and composed. I have no doubt but the dear trio whose lot I would willingly have shared considered me at last as cold and heartless. Well! be it so—if that wrong estimate of me contributed to lessen their disappointment—to heal *his* heart—why should I regret it. Peace be with them wherever they go, and may no thought of the lone wanderer whom they would have sheltered so fondly ever obtrude itself on their recollection. And yet it will—I know it will! their were not the hearts likely to forget those whom they once loved.

(To be continued.)

The Dubuque (Iowa) Express stated that 536 buildings had been erected in that city during the past year, and thereupon offered a supper in case as large a list could be shown in any other city of Iowa. The Davenport News furnishes a list of 1,214 buildings erected in that city during the year ending August 1.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

SPEECH OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF KERRY, AT THE BANQUET AT VALENTIA.

A brief report of the banquet given at Valentia, by the Knight of Kerry to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the gentlemen connected with the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has already been published. In the report as published, the speeches of the Lord Lieutenant and others were given, but not that of Dr. Moriarty, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry. We give this speech below, believing that our readers cannot fail to be interested in the geniality of its tone, and the beauty of its thought and expression.

The Chairman, amid loud cheers, next gave "The Churches of both persuasions."

The Dean of Ardref briefly returned thanks. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry also returned thanks. He spoke as follows: Knight of Kerry, Lord Carlisle, Ladies and Gentlemen—

I have to return to your Chairman and to you all my sincere thanks for the honor you have done to me and the clergy whom I represent. I feel grateful to the Knight for having alluded to the absence of religious dissension among us. For my own part I must say, in endeavoring to preach peace and good will among the people of this diocese, I consider that I am only carrying out the divine mission I have received in preaching a gospel which is pre-eminently and by excellence a gospel of peace. I feel I am only making a practical and logical inference from inspired writ, which tells me that the love of my neighbors is the abridgment and fulfillment of the law; and in the Catechism which I teach to my people the answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" gives me the plain, comprehensive, and unequivocal reply, "Mankind of every description." (Cheers.) I am glad to acknowledge the powerful co-operation in this respect of the clergy over whom I have to preside, and of the peaceful and gentle people whom I have the happiness to govern. (Hear, hear.) I have also to acknowledge with thanks the very efficient co-operation of many of the clergymen of another creed who meet me with brotherly love, and I may mention the name of my respected friend, Parson Sandford, of Valentia, who, when I visit this island, is always the first to welcome me and the last to clasp my hand when I leave its shores. I must also acknowledge with great gratitude the co-operation of many of the gentry of this country who know and love the people, who feel that theirs and the people's interest are identical, who wish now that bygone should be bygone, and that the past history, which was unfortunately written in mutual hate, should be consigned with anathema to oblivion. (Hear, hear.) Among the first and foremost rank of those who wish to identify their creed and class with all that is liberal, and tolerant, and generous, I must name our distinguished host to-night, (cheers), and in naming him, I cannot, standing in the island of Valentia, but recall the memory of him whose title he bears—a title as dear to Kerry men as any that Royal patent could bestow. I cannot but recall the memory of that accomplished statesman who made the name of the Knight of Kerry honored in the Court and in the Palace, who in darker days fought the battle for religious freedom with a courage worthy the courage of the ancient chivalry, and who in the evening of his life, by his generous hospitality and the amenity of his manners, shed upon this island home of his a soft and mellow radiance, beautiful as the radiance which the setting sun sheds upon these mountains. (Loud cheering.) A few hours ago I was administering confirmation in a parish in the mainland, but I hastened hither in obedience to the invitation of our host, in the first place to pay my respects to the representative of the Queen, and also to render my tribute of respect and admiration to those distinguished guests of the Knight of Kerry who are here the representatives of the power whose empire is greater than that of Rome or of Britain—I mean the power of science. You will excuse me if, as a clergyman, I make a scriptural allusion. I remember when, in a spirit of selfish pride, men sought to build a tower that would reach to Heaven, the punishment awarded to them was the confusion of tongues, which prevented an interchange of thought, and which led to the dispersion of nations; but when we meet together in a spirit of brotherly love, seeking each others benefit, endeavoring to link together the old world with the new, the reward meted out to us is a means of universal communication, so that the peoples become again of one tongue, and, like disembodied spirits, interchange thought from mouth to mouth, without human voice or the organs of human speech, but, touching the most secret springs of nature, find a power of expression in its voiceless tongue. (Cheers.) There is a strange old legend which was sung by medieval poets, and has lately been versified by one of our living bards, Mr. McCarthy; it is said that St. Brendan, the first bishop of this diocese, set sail from this North Head, and, going westward, he met with a large continent. After travelling for a long time he met with a large river, and the legend says that he was then told to return to his own land. I know not what may have been the foundation of this legend. It may have arisen from the suspicion that prevailed among the learned for many ages that there existed another land beyond the western wave; but it seems to me that, as coming events cast their shadows before them, the event which we inaugurated to-day is one of such gigantic dimensions that it has cast back its shadow through 12 centuries of time, and, as a proof of it I am here, the last and least of St. Brendan's

descendants, to invoke God's blessing upon this glorious enterprise—the greatest effort that was ever made to reconquer the forfeited dominion of the mind of man over the material world. (Cheers.) In this old world of ours we are fast growing old, but we are yet strong. We know not the duration of power which Providence may accord to us, but certain it is, that the future destinies of the human race are wrapped up to a large extent in the future history of that great nation which sprang from us, and is now growing up beyond the waters of the Atlantic. Re-echoing the sentiments of his Excellency, I will only express the hope that this cable, which is to link the old world and the new with each other, and which, realizing the legend of St. Brendan, has found its starting point on the coast of Kerry, may be the symbol of a fraternal and an eternal peace, that our intercourse and exchange of thought may in the future not be confined to the surface of the angry sea, which is lashed by storms or traversed by icebergs, but that we may speak, mind to mind and heart to heart, through the clear, calm depths of the ocean, where there reign perpetual calm and peace. (Loud cheering.)

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

LIUTENANT-COLONEL DONOGH O'CALLAGHAN.

This noble Irish sept was partially located in the counties of Louth and Mayo, and more especially in Cork, where the whole tract, comprising the parishes of Clonmeen and Kilshanick, about 50,000 acres on both sides of the Blackwater, and hence called Pobble O'Callaghan, was occupied by them. The Four Masters notice the death of Donogh O'Callaghan, heir presumptive to the Kingdom (Riordamhna) of Cashel in 1053; and in 1121 the decease of Melaghlin O'Callaghan, Lord of Hy-Eathra of Munster, the "splendor of the South of Ireland." In 1594, an Inquisition was directed to ascertain by means and bounds the extent of Pobble O'Callaghan; at which time the chief was Cornelius O'Callaghan, the great ancestor of the present Earl of Lismore. The sept is well known to have adopted its name from the well-known Ceallachan-Cashel, who was King of Munster in the tenth century. Their chief residence was at Clonmeen, where the ruins of their castle are still traceable on a rock near that river. Thirteen of the name were attained in 1643. At the Supreme Council of Kilkenny in 1646, the Confederate Catholics assumed to fill the vacant See of Cork with Robert John "McCallaghan;" but, on the Nuncio's interference, he was not promoted thereto. Amongst these Confederates sat Callaghan O'Callaghan of Castle Mac-Anliffe, and Donat O'Callaghan of Clonmeen. The Royal declaration of 1662 included, in its acknowledgment of thanks for services before the seas, Donogh O'Callaghan of Clonmeen; and by the Act of Settlement, in which that declaration is embodied, he was restored to his estate. He appears to have been the above Lieutenant-Colonel, and to have commanded an independent troop of 60 men.

Besides Lieutenant-Colonel Donogh and John Callaghan, an Ensign in this Regiment, the name appears commissioned in the Infantry Regiments of Sir Valentine Browne, Sir Charles O'Bryan, Lord Mountcashel, and Lord Galway. On the 29th of October, 1690, Lord Barrymore wrote to the Duke of Wirtemberg: "I have within these two days received a very humble petition on behalf of Colonel McDonogh, Chief of the country called 'Duhallow,' between Malow and the county of Kerry, and of another Chief of a country called O'Callaghan, in order to obtain the protection of their Majesties. It is of very great consequence to draw over people of their quality and interest, who will bring with them a thousand men, and at least seven or eight thousand cows." The Attainders of 1691 include the above Donogh O'Callaghan, with nine others of the name. In the Spanish war of 1710, Colonel O'Callaghan, of the Regiment of Milan," greatly distinguished himself, and received several sabre wounds.

CAPTAIN OWEN GALLAGHER.

The native Topographers locate the O'Gallaghers in the baronies of Tyrhugh and Raphoe, county of Donegal, where they had Castles at Lifford and Ballyshannon. In 1397, an O'Gallagher was Bishop of Clonmacnoise, Laurence O'Gallagher was Bishop of Raphoe in 1419, and in 1549, Redmond Gallagher was Bishop of Kilmala. The sept is characterized in the history of their country as commanders of O'Donnell's cavalry, and their achievements in that service are subjects of many annals. At the siege of Sligo by O'Donnell in 1495, William, son of the O'Gallagher, and Owen, son of Cormac O'Gallagher, were amongst those killed by the guards of the castle. In two years after, in a battle fought between the O'Neills and O'Donnells, three of the leaders under O'Donnell, named O'Gallagher, were slain at Ballysadare. In Perrot's Parliament of 1585 appeared as Representative of this sept the O'Gallagher, i. e. John, son of Tuathal, son of John, son of Roderic, son of Hugh." The Four Masters record the death in 1595 of "Sir John O'Gallagher, the son of Tuathal, a man of great fame and renown among the English at that time." When, in six years after, O'Donnell went southward to the munster war, he entrusted the custody of his Castle of Ballymore to the O'Gallagher, i. e. Owen, son of John O'Gallagher. The Act of 1612, for the Attainder of Hugh O'Neill, late Earl of Tyrone, Rory O'Donnell, late Earl of Tyrconnel, and their adherents, includes in the severity of its enactments Hugh More Donnell O'Gallagher, and Turlough Carrach O'Gallagher, both described as "late of Donegal." The

only one of the name on the Outlawries of 1691 is Ferdorogh O'Gallagher of Boylagh, county of Donegal; while Harris, the Williamite historian of this campaign, writing of the capitulation of Limerick, says, "the numerous sept of O'Gallagher in the county of Mayo submitted to Colonel James Wynne, and offered to receive pay under him in the army."

LIUTENANT KEDAGH LEARY.

The sept of O'Leary was territorially settled in Muskerry, county of Cork, between Macroom and Inchagela, where are still the ruins of several of their castles. They suffered much in the Desmond war, and, on the defeat of Juan de Aquila at Kinsale, Mahon Mac Donough O'Leary passed over with him out of Ireland. On the Attainders of 1642 occurred the names of Connor O'Leary of Carriguncory, Auliff O'Leary of Cunnovley, with fourteen other O'Learys, all located in the county of Cork. On those of 1691, William Leary of Aghare, county of Cork, stands alone.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Nial approached Armagh, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse. Monroe who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, arrived there with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot, at midnight, on the fourth of June. Meanwhile, O'Nial aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, between two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose, marched at the head of his troops on the fifth of June. He had ordered his brother George Monroe to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Colerain, and to join him at Glasslough, or Benburb. O'Nial, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonels Bernard Mac Mahon, and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent the junction of this force with Monroe; a commission which, the Abbe Mac Geoghegan says, they executed to the satisfaction of their commander. Monroe himself passed the river, at a ford near Kinnard, (Caledon), and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O Farrel, who occupied a strait, through which it was necessary for him to pass, but the fire of his cannon compelled that commander, after a short encounter, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Nial amused his enemy, during several hours, with various manoeuvres and trivial skirmishes, until the sun, which, at first, had been favorable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Nial had sent against George Monroe was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general, at first, imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Colerain; but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Nial, however, seized the opportunity, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valor. Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence. He fell combatting with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces around their commander. Meanwhile the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Nial's horse, and a general rout ensued. A regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery, retreated with some regularity; but the rest of the British troops fell in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners; three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents and baggage, with the greater part of his arms, booty and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having had two horses slain under him in his flight. Owen Roe O'Nial lost in this battle, seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

GIGANTIC DEER SKELETON FOUND IN POULCAPPLE BOG.—We have received the following from a Garryricken correspondent: "Two or three days since, as one of the Ormonde tenants here, named John Bulger, was at work in his dividend of the reclaimed portion of the bog of Poulcapple, he observed that the soil in one spot was of a peculiar color and nature, or, in his own words, 'Black as jet, and greasy looking.' Prompted by curiosity, he dug through the bog stratum (a few feet in depth), and on reaching the bottom, composed of sand and marl, he, to his surprise, turned up a huge skeleton of the *Cervus Megaceros Hibernicus*, the extinct gigantic deer of Ireland. Having carefully gathered up the bones, including the smallest fragments, he brought them home. The discoverer, having cleanly washed all the bones, proceeded to match and arrange them in one of his rooms. On the following day the Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde, accompanied by Lady Elizabeth Butler, drove there to see them. The joints are prodigious, as are also the jaw bones, armed with rows of teeth and grinders, in good preservation."—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

The Derry Sentinel announces that the Rev. Moore O'Connor, rector of Culladuff, has written a letter to the Lord Bishop of Derry, to the effect that he has become a convert to Romanism, and therefore resigns the living to the patron, the Marquis of Donegal.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCARCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XIV.

Interview between O'Connell and an Oppressive Landlord—Inn at Millstreet—Bahosa—Different Modes of Restoring the Irish Legislature—Recollections of the Hard-Drinking Times, 1785—Puseyism and Catholicity—Hunting.

O'Connell described an interview he had with an Irish landlord of extensive possessions. I give it in his own words, suppressing the name of the landlord, who, I believe, has since then reformed his policy. At least I have seen him gazetted in popular journals as a bountiful friend and benefactor of his tenantry.

"I heard," said the Liberator, "that ——— had issued over a thousand notices to his tenantry to quit their holdings; and that he had treated a certain widow in particular with very great barbarity. This intelligence was conveyed to me while I was walking through ———'s domain. While I was there he came up and invited me into his mansion.

"I should fear," answered I, "that your roof would fall down upon me."

"Why do you say so?" inquired the landlord.

"Because I have heard of the harshness and cruelty you have exhibited to your tenants, and in especial to the widow ———."

"I must have been misrepresented to you," said ———.

"I wish I could believe that you were so," said I; "but I fear the facts are as they have been stated to me."

"Come in and talk it over," said ———; "and I will show you I was justified in acting as I did."

"I refused to enter the castle, but consented to the proffered conference, in the hope of being of some service to the widow. The hope, however, was vain; for after conversing on the subject for nearly an hour, I found I could make no impression, and I came away declaring that if the case should come to trial in Cork, I would specially attend, in order to give the widow my professional assistance gratuitously."

It was the period of the year when the O'Connell tribute was usually collected; and the accused landlord, resenting the expression of O'Connell's sympathy with the oppressed widow, soon afterwards published a manifesto, threatening the tenants with his vengeance, if any of them should subscribe to the Liberator's annuity.

We arrived, after midnight, at Millstreet, where they had not prepared beds, as we were not expected. During the interval of preparation, we sat at an excellent fire in the inn-parlor, which was peculiarly welcome, as the night was cold, raw, and foggy. The landlord got out of bed to receive his guests, and continued to detail all the incidents of local politics, until our rooms were ready. Next morning we departed at seven o'clock.

"The improved roads have injured that inn," said O'Connell. "I well remember, when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow-travellers to get out of their chaise at night-fall, and to find at the inn (it was then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs. Cotter) a roaring fire, in a clean, well-furnished parlor, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wines (claret and Madeira were the high wines then—they knew nothing about Champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was by far the best inn in Munster. But the new roads have enabled the travellers from Kerry to get far beyond Millstreet in a day; and the inn being therefore less frequented than of old, is, of course, not so well looked after by its present proprietor."

At ten o'clock we arrived at Killarney, and drove to the Victoria Hotel, which stands about a mile from the town, on the borders of the lower lake. Gansy, the celebrated piper, attended, and played Scotch and Irish airs during the evening, for the amusement of our party. Whenever he played any of Moore's Melodies, O'Connell would invariably repeat the poet's words, after the conclusion of the air. He was a passionate admirer of Moore's Melodies, and constantly recited them. He was also much pleased with Father Prout's ballad, "The Bells of Shandon," which he got by heart, declaring it to be the best ballad that ever was written.

On the 1st of November, we proceeded from Killarney to Bahosa, where a social party assembled at the house of Charles O'Connell, the Liberator's son-in-law. After dinner the Repeal agitation was talked of. Mr. Kean Mahony, of Castleguin, said to O'Connell:

"I am sure the Repeal will be highly useful, if I only can succeed; but I doubt your success."

"My dear sir," replied O'Connell, "the difficulty is far smaller than you seem to imagine. This recent municipal reform act, although it falls short of full justice, yet does us much good—that it breaks up one great stronghold of the Orange party, namely, the Orange corporations. It doubtless benefits us, not only by scattering the Orangemen and breaking up their powerful organization of mischief, but also by exciting in their minds a strongly hostile sentiment against the Union, which could not protect them from reform. This will naturally impel them to join us in seeking the Repeal, now that they

find they have no party object to gain by opposing it. Orangism, heretofore, has infected the Dublin juries. But, henceforth, the sheriff will be a liberal, and can select for his jurymen, not bigoted partisans, but honest men, who will be quite as anxious to see justice done as the old Orange juries were to convict all the Liberals and Catholics. When the jury-box is purged of the foul leaven, pray, what is then to hinder us from having a Convention in Dublin? Do you not see what a powerful engine a Convention would be in working out Repeal?"

"But," interposed the other, "if a member of the Convention were prosecuted, could not the Government change the venue to London?"

"They passed an act to enable them to do so in the case of the Americans," answered O'Connell, "and what was the result? Why, that they lost America!"

O'Connell did not deem the legislative sanction of the United Parliament indispensably requisite to the restoration of the Irish Legislature. In the "Report of the Repeal Association on the Reconstruction of the Irish House of Commons" (which document was drawn up by him exclusively), two other modes of re-establishing the Parliament of Ireland are pointed out. I quote the passage at length; it is curious, from the views which it contains of what we may term the elastic capacity of the British Constitution to meet all political emergencies. Having first discussed the probability of obtaining the sanction of the Imperial Legislature to the Repeal, Mr. O'Connell thus prece-

dees: "But there are other modes, in which the Crown may easily procure the restoration of the Irish Legislature, should her Majesty be so advised."

"Let it be recollected that in the judgment of our present Lord Chancellor,* who is Keeper (in Ireland) of her Majesty's conscience, the Union was in itself a nullity; that is his precise expression—it was his solemn judgment—and he is bound by it."

"The Queen, therefore, might be advised to act in either of these two ways:

"Firstly,—She may call together in Dublin, by intimation, or invitation, the 105 Members now representing Irish constituencies. More than 40 of them (that is, more than sufficient to make a House) would certainly attend any royal summons, however informal. And her Majesty might easily bring together a sufficient number of the Irish Peers. And thus, with the assent of her Majesty, an Ordinance might be enacted adopting the plan we have suggested for reconstructing the Irish Parliament and authorizing the issuing of writs or summonses accordingly."

"The Parliament, when met under such writs or summonses, would have no difficulty in enacting laws, with the assent of the Queen, sanctioning their own appointment, and confirmation of their own legislative powers."

"Secondly,—Let it be recollected, that it was originally the exclusive prerogative of the Crown, to issue to such places as it thought fit, writs for the election of Members of Parliament; and this prerogative continued to be exercised down to the reign of Queen Anne. The familiar fact of the creation in Ireland, by King James the First, of no less than forty boroughs in a single day—boroughs that from that time continued to send members to Parliament until the Union—proves in the strongest way, the power to exercise (as it also shows the abuse of) this prerogative."

"Now, there is no Act of Parliament in Ireland taking away that prerogative from the Crown. It therefore continues to exist, unimpaired and undiminished; and her Majesty might be advised at once to issue writs to all the counties, and to the several towns named in our proposed plan; and then she may either bring together, or create, a sufficient number of Irish Peers to constitute the Irish Parliament."

"It is quite true, that the proposal we suggest, is one intended to be enacted by the United Parliament; but we are not thereby prevented from pointing out the other means (such as the two modes above described) for obtaining the same object. To each of such modes there are abundant technical and legal objections. BUT WE BELIEVE THERE IS NO CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY."

"The Constitution of these realms is suited to meet every emergency; and the most irregular proceedings of Parliament have been sanctioned, and become the law of the land."

"For instance, in the year 1399, the Parliament deposed Richard the Second, the legitimate monarch, and conferred the Crown upon Henry the Fourth, who had no kind of title to that Crown. Nor was he even heir of succession to Richard. This Parliamentary Act regulated the succession of the Crown for three generations, and several of its statutes passed during that interval are binding at the present day."

"Again, the Parliament, in the instance of Edward the Fourth, assumed the like power of disposing of the Crown; taking it away from the House of Lancaster, and conferring it upon that of York."

"Again; the cause of Henry the Seventh is yet stronger. The Parliament in 1485, after the battle of Bosworth, gave him a legal title to the Crown; although he had no other title than that most irregular law. It is true he afterwards married the heiress of the House of York; but he took especial care, and indeed the most distinct modes, of disavowing any title as derived from her. And her Majesty, whose title is so indisputable, derives that title as one of his descendants."

"But the strongest instance remains behind. It is the case of King William the Third, of

* Lord Plunket,

'glorious, pious, and immortal memory.' The Convention Parliament at the Revolution, without any King at all, dethroned the reigning and then legitimate monarch, James the Second."

"They used the word 'abdicate,' but a word is nothing! The actual fact is, that they dethroned King James, and enthroned King William, who had no species of claim to be King—who had no kind of legal right to be King of England, as he was, not only during his wife's lifetime, but for some years after her decease. He had, we repeat, no other right, save that excellent and efficient one, of a most irregular Act of Parliament."

"No person can be more thoroughly convinced than we are, that a most legitimate right to the Crown was acquired by the transactions of the Revolution of 1688; we are quite certain, that a perfect title was made out by these transactions."

"But what a host of legal and technical objections were and may be raised against each and all the precedents which we have thus cited, including the glorious Revolution itself! We venture to assert, that none greater could be stated to either of the modes of Repealing the Union we have suggested—NO, NOR BY ANY COMPARISON SO GREAT!"

On the evening already alluded to in the present chapter, the company at Bahosa had drawn much more copiously on the water-jars than on the wine decanters; a circumstance which naturally led to the subject of Father Mathew and his useful labors.

"In my young days," said O'Connell, "it was deemed an essential point of hospitality to make guests drink against their will—drink till they were sick. I was myself the first person who rebelled against this custom in Iveragh. After I returned from the Temple, I introduced the fashion of resistance, and I soon had abettors enough. It was fortunate for me that I never, while a youth, could drink more than three glasses of wine without being sick; so that I had my personal convenience to consult in aid of temperance. To be sure, I have seen some rare drinking-bouts! In 1785, when less than ten years old, I was at the house of a friend near the sea-side, and a sloop came in, of which the whole crew got drunk every night; Monday night on wine, Tuesday night on punch; Wednesday night on wine, Thursday night on punch, and so on; the only variety consisting in the alternation. What a change in our social habits since those days! a most happy change in this respect! I believe there is no nation under heaven save our own, in which the Apostle of a great moral movement could meet the success that has attended Father Mathew."

"A success," observed one of the company, "highly honorable to the Catholics, and probably destined to be one of the means of extending the Catholic religion."

"Oh," exclaimed O'Connell, "that extension is daily making progress—it receives an impulse from various and opposite quarters. Among the devout and religious members of the Anglican Church, the Puseyites hold a distinguished place both in numbers and importance; they have grafted upon their own species of Protestantism, many of the leading principles and practices of Catholicity. The evidence they thus bear to the truth of those principles and practices is placed beyond suspicion, by the fact that they have often indulged in gross abuse of the Catholic religion. Then—look at that powerful article on 'Ranke's Lives of the Popes' in the last *Edinburgh Review*—evidently written by some philosophical Protestant inquirer, some honorary member of Christianity; who, while he manifestly dissents from the Catholic Church, is yet compelled by his own candor to admit that she contains within herself the imperishable germ of perpetual vitality. It is no trivial feature in the intellectual aspect of England at present that those involuntary tributes to the truth of Catholicity should be borne by the most powerful, and at the same time the most dissimilar Protestant intellects."

Ere we adjourned to the drawing-room, Mr. O'Connell announced that he would hunt across the mountains to Darrynane on the morrow. Some person complimented him on his undecaying personal activity.

"Yes," he answered, "activity is with me a habit. I was always active, and my brother John was always active. I remember one morning when John was a lad, seeing him prepare to set off on a walk of several miles at sunrise, after having sat up the whole night dancing, and without having gone to bed at all. I said to him, 'John, you had better take your mare.' 'Oh,' said John, 'I'll spare my mare; the walk will do me good.' So off he set, and his mare expired of fat in the stable the very same day! How often have I heard the voice of old John O'Connell calling out at cockcrow under our gate, 'Cur a maigh Shane O'Connell agus an cu!'?"

* "Send out John O'Connell and the greyhound."

(To be continued.)

"For centuries we (the English) have oppressed them (the Irish), and assailed their freedom and their faith. We surrounded them with a net-work of corruption; and though individuals fell under the system, yet the moral fidelity of the nation remained untouched. They won their freedom, they stood true to their religion, and now we could not but respect them, as furnishing the only example in history of a people who, after centuries of oppression, had emerged from it with the spirit and virtue of freemen."—*Mr. Horseman's Speech in the House of Commons.*

THE AREA AND POPULATION OF INDIA.

The interest which at the present moment attaches to everything Indian, causes a return of the area and population of the British, native, and foreign possessions, which has just been made by the India House officials, to be perused with a degree of attention which a mere statistical paper of the kind would not have obtained a month or two back. The total population of India, according to the last census, and exclusive of some native and foreign districts concerning which no information exists, is 180,884,297, and the area 1,466,576 square miles. The British rule extends, or rather did so till lately, over an area of 887,412 square miles, and a population of 181,990,901. The Punjab, the Cis-Sutlej country, the newly annexed provinces of Oude, Nagpore, and Pegu, the Tenasserim districts and the settlements in Malacca, comprise a population of 23,255,972, under the direct administration of the Governor General. The Bengal Presidency, to which Assam and Arracae (spoils of the first Burmese War) are attached, contains 40,852,397 inhabitants; the northwest provinces, (Delhi, Meerut, Rohilund, Agra, Allahabad, and Benares,) 83,655,193; the Madras Presidency, with the new regulation districts of Garjam, Vizajapatem, and Coorg, 22,487,297; and the Bombay Presidency, with Scinde and Sattara, 11,790,042. The native States, the chief of which are the Decan, Nepal, Rajpootand, Mysore, Travancore, Cashmere and Gwalior, include a population of 48,376,247 persons; which exhibits much less density than in the parts under direct British rule, the area of these independent and "protected" States being equal to three-fourths of the British, with only a third of the population. The French own Chandernagore, on the Hooghly, and Pondicherry, on the Coromandel coast, with some smaller settlements in the maritime districts of Malabar and Orissa; and the Portuguese hold Goa and two smaller places; but the entire population of these, as far as known, is only 517,149. In the returns relating to Bengal and the native States the relative proportions of the sexes, the religions, denominations, &c., are not stated; but in the Punjab, the Sikhs and Mohammedans predominate over the Hindoos, whilst in the northwest Provinces and the Madras and Bombay Presidencies the contrary is very markedly the case. These statistics show a very singular disparity between the numbers of the sexes, females being from one-fifth to one-third less than males among the Hindoos and Mohammedans, while the same disparity is observable, though in a less degree, among the Europeans, Perses and Jews.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY IN THE HORSE.—About a fortnight ago (says the *Bristol Times*) a Mr. King, carrying on the business of a baker, at Sibland, near Thornbury, went in the morning of the day to a field in which his horse had been grazing for the purpose of getting it home, and, as he had been in the habit of doing, opened the gate and allowed the animal to proceed home by itself; but on his return shortly after he found to his dismay that it had not arrived. Mr. King immediately set about making inquiries, and found it had passed Grosedend, which is near Sibland, and appeared to be proceeding towards Itchington. Mr. King being necessitated to attend to his business, dispatched a man to trace, and, if possible, overtake the horse. The man succeeded in tracing it for some distance, and was informed it was proceeding at a gallop. Mr. King for upwards of a week used every means by advertising in the *Hue and Cry* and otherwise, to recover his missing horse, but without avail. A few days since he received a letter from a gentleman residing at St. George, near Bristol, giving him the welcome news that the animal was safe. This gentleman owned the horse for some time, and parted with it for years since. From inquiries made, it appears that the horse proceeded the most direct road across the country, and with its best speed arrived at its old quarters, which it had not visited for four years, in the afternoon of the day it strayed from Mr. King.

A PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Henry O'Reilly announces that, in company with John J. Speed, John Butterfield and others, he is about to push forward the great enterprise of connecting our Atlantic with our Pacific territory by means of the Magnetic Telegraph. We are heartily glad to hear it, and trust that these efforts will be seasonably crowned with success. Yet we will not suppress our conviction that a good National highway, over the most facile and convenient route, is the first practical step to be taken in improving our means of intercourse with our brethren on the Pacific, and that the Magnetic Telegraph must follow this road, and be secured from wanton injury by a daily post-coach or coaches running in each direction and carrying the Mails. This being effected, the Pacific Railroad will soon follow. Half the money we have spent on roundabout Mails by way of the Isthmus of Darien and Mexico would have long since set the Overland Mail in operation, and this would have secured all the rest. We protest against another dollar being taken from the Federal Treasury to pay for carrying Mails through Nicaragua, Honduras or Tehuantepec until we shall have achieved a first-class Overland Mail.—*N. Y. Daily Tribune.*

The town marshal at Pilatka, Fla., recently discovered \$3,280 buried in the ground. It is supposed that the money belongs to a United States paymaster, who passed through the town, and who, on his arrival at Tampa, discovered a loss of four thousand dollars.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A meeting of the Catholic working men of Belfast, numbering six or seven hundred, was held in the Theatre, Smithfield, to consider the best means of providing the Catholic inhabitants of Belfast with means of defence against the aggression and violence of the Orangemen, and to adopt such measures as the meeting might approve of for carrying the same into execution. The chair was taken by Mr. John Hackett. The Chairman said—Gentlemen and fellow-townsmen, I return you my most sincere thanks for the position in which you have placed me this night over so large a meeting. The Chairman here read the circular convening the meeting, and, on coming to the words, "of providing the Catholics of Belfast with means of defence against the aggression and violence of the Orangemen in this district," remarked, "and in other districts, too." Mr. John Hughes moved the first resolution. "That it being the undisputed right and privilege of every free and loyal subject of the British Constitution, to keep and possess firearms; that, in consequence of repeated and unprovoked outrages and destruction of property committed by the Orangemen in certain districts, and the great want of protection afforded us by the constituted authorities; we, the Catholics of Belfast, in public meeting assembled, consider it not only our privilege, but also our duty, to provide ourselves with arms for our protection and defence, and we, therefore, proceed at once to the formation of a gun-club, whereby every worthy and intelligent man may be furnished with some means of protection and defence." The Chairman then put the resolution, which was unanimously adopted. Mr. Peter Battersby moved the second resolution—"That this meeting do appoint a committee to consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, secretary, and forty members, with power to add to their numbers to carry into effect the foregoing resolution." Mr. Holland proposed the following resolution, which was put and carried—"That a deputation be appointed from this meeting to confer with the leading Catholic gentlemen of Belfast on the advisability of holding a great public meeting of the Catholics to address the Executive Government, and memorial it to take proper measures for the prevention of future Orange outrages in Belfast, and that the following gentlemen do form the said deputation: D. R. Brannigan, John McLaughlin, D. Holland, P. Battersby, J. Hackett, J. Hughes and J. Fitzsimons." Several members were then enrolled, about 300, after which the meeting separated.—*Abridged from the Ulsterman.*

A handsome clipper schooner was launched from the ship-building yard of Messrs. Connell. The weather being scarcely favorable, there was but a small attendance of spectators. The usual preliminaries having been arranged, Miss McNeillage (daughter of Captain McNeillage) performed the christening, naming the vessel the "Gem," as she gracefully passed into the river. She is a beautifully built craft and admirably designed for the trade in which she is about to enter—the British and Spanish line. Her length of keel and fore rake is 63 feet; breadth of beam, 17 feet 11 inches; depth of hold, 8 feet 10 inches; and her register is 89 tons. She is about to enter upon a line in which there is great sailing competition, but we have no fear, from her beautiful lines, that she will sustain the Messrs. Connell's ship-building reputation.—*Northern Whig.*

With reference to the unfortunate man, who was recently found suspended from the tree in the rectory demesne, it appears his name was John Dunbar, and he belonged to the neighborhood of Clogher, in the county Tyrone. On the day previous to the body being found, he had been bargaining for a razor in the town of Dromore, but did not purchase it, and he afterwards bought the piece of rope by which he was suspended, for 4d. Religious differences with his wife are said to be the cause of the suicide.—*Ibid.*

A man named Moore was found dead in the loft of Mr. Coey, provision merchant, Belfast. During the day he felt unwell, and got leave to go home, but, instead of doing so, retired to the loft, where he was subsequently found dead in the evening by some of his fellow-laborers. He has left a wife and four children.

Twenty-four passengers left Belfast in the ship Fergus, bound for Quebec.

Carlow.

It is generally rumored that the agent of one of the most extensive landed proprietors in this county has absconded with a sum of £11,000.—*Post.*

Cavan.

Cavan people have at length determined to provide themselves with a Reading Room. A meeting, at which Mr. Jas. Kelly, provision merchant, presided, was held and resolutions entered into that the Ulster Banking Company be treasurer, and James Fay, Esq., the secretary for carrying out the contemplated

object. One pound is to be the annual subscription of each member, and the room is to be open each day from eight o'clock, A.M., to ten, P.M. Several persons, including the Rev. John O'Reilly, Principal, Kilmore Academy; Rev. Patrick McGuinness, one of the professors in the same establishment; Messrs. James Kelly, James Fay, Martin Farrell, C.E.; James Wann, James Brady, &c., entered their names as subscribers on the spot. The large drawing-room of the old Ulster Bank has been taken for the purpose.

A deputation, consisting of the following gentlemen, Martin O'Farrell, Edward Kennedy, Francis McCabe, John Fay, Patrick M. Fay, William Hague, and James O'Brien, Esqrs., waited on the Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne for the purpose of presenting to his lordship, as founder and patron of the Kilmore Diocesan College, the first instalment of books for the library of the college. His lordship, accompanied by the president and professors of the college, examined the books most minutely and expressed himself highly pleased with the selection which contains the most valuable standard works in the English language.

Cork.

Mr. Chaunt, an agent of the Land and Emigration Commissioners, attended at the workhouse for the purpose of selecting fifty women to be sent, under the grant recently made, to the Cape of Good Hope. The Home Government has made arrangements with the colonial authorities that they shall receive protection until provided for either by marriage or in service. Mr. Chaunt expressed himself very much pleased with the class of women he observed, and named about eighty, out of whom the required fifty are finally to be selected. Most of these women have been five, six, and some even ten years in the workhouse—a continual burthen on the already heavily tested resources of the union. The sole expense which the guardians are required to contribute is the outfit, amounting, it is believed, in each case to considerably less than a half year's maintenance.

The owner of an eating-house in Corn Market street attempted to cut his throat while in a state of *delirium tremens*, but in consequence of the bluntness of the instrument which he used, the wound, though severe, was not of a very serious character.

A man named Charles McCarthy, employed on the Great Southern and Western Railway, was moving some vans in the tunnel, when he was caught between two of them which came rather violently together, and his lungs and chest were severely crushed, and his collar-bone broken. He was taken to the North Infirmary, where he still lies in a precarious state.—*Examiner.*

Dublin.

The trial of James Spollen for the murder of Mr. Little terminated in a verdict of acquittal. This result seems to have been expected by the public. It was generally perceived that the evidence for the prosecution was fragile and incomplete. Mrs. Spollen's testimony was, of course, out of the case, the jury had nothing to do with it, and, according to the instruction of judges and counsel, should not even think of it. The case rested then on the evidence of Spollen's children. They said that they saw their father on the night of the murder at a certain chimney, relative to which chimney, however, the crown had nothing to say, except they worked up and used the story of Mrs. Spollen. There were no marks on or in the chimney, and his having been seen thereat might have made as much for him as against him, were it not that her statement was in the back ground. The point that bore hardest against James Spollen was, that money, believed to have been taken from the terminus on the night of the murder, was found in a piece of rag, proved by his daughter to have belonged to her, and to have been in the house previous to the murder, and not since. But here much depended on the time at which she saw it last, before the murder. At the police office she said she had seen it the day previous to that event, but on the trial she said she had not seen it for three months before the date of the murder; it might, therefore, have been thrown out of the house, and have come into other hands. The razor with the name "Spollen" on the handle was found subsequently to his arrest, and might have been thrown into the canal by an interested party; at all events it was not proved to have been used in the commission of the awful deed. The hammer was believed to have been so used, but it was not proved to have belonged to James Spollen, or to have been at any time in his possession. Mr. Curran for the defence denied that the evidence of the children was worthy of credit. They could have no inducement to watch and mark the movements of their father on the night previous to the murder, and how then was it to be accounted for, that after the lapse of nine months they were able to describe those movements, and tell the hour and minute at which each took place? The

learned counsel arraigned their story as a fabrication put into their mouths by some party behind the scenes, and suggested that his client was the victim of a conspiracy. But, taking their evidence as trustworthy, and taking with it everything else sworn for the Crown, the whole would fall to prove that Spollen was the murderer of Mr. Little. One thing connected with the proceedings, at an early stage of this case, deserves to be brought prominently before the public. Spollen's wife made her statement to the police in the presence of her husband, and it appears that, had he listened and said nothing, every word she said could be used as evidence against him! Surely the man should have been informed of this, but he was not. Lucky for himself, he exclaimed, "I deny it *in toto*." Whether the trap he so narrowly escaped was left open by neglect or by design, the conduct of the officials calls for the severest censure. When the verdict of acquittal was pronounced, Spollen fainted in the dock. On recovering consciousness, he addressed a few words to the court, in which there was one rather remarkable expression. He said: "It is a terrible thing to be in the hands of a female tyrant (or tigress)—but I will not condemn the woman. I always loved the woman, and I liked the man." Now what may this mean, and who is the man, whose shadow thus appears for the first time in this mysterious case.—*Nation.*

During the visit of the British Association—in commemoration of the erection of a monument to Ireland's bard, Thomas Moore—arrangements are being made to give a series of illustrative musical entertainments upon the national music of his melodies. There have been already secured the services of Mr. Richard Boyle, M.A., who has been lately lecturing upon "Moore's Melodies" at the Hanover Square Rooms, London. Amongst the nobility who have lately given their patronage to the testimonial are the Duke of Leinster, Lord John Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Charlemont, &c. These entertainments will be given at the Music Hall, Abbey street, which accommodates, conveniently, 3,000 persons. The charge for admission will be so moderate as to admit the people to a participation in the enjoyment that will be provided. Mr. Gustavus Geary will also give a grand concert in commemoration of our national poet, on the occasion of the inauguration of his statue in College street. The entertainment will take place at the Ancient Concerts Room, Great Brunswick street, conducted by Mr. Geary, and under the special patronage of the Lord Mayor, and other distinguished persons. The programme will comprise selections from "Evenings in Greece," "Lallah Rookh," "Anacreon," with the choicest and most popular specimens of the Irish Melodies and ballads in which the bard revelled in poetry and song. Mr. Geary will be supported in this national and musical festival by the first artists in Ireland, and by a well-disciplined choir of one hundred voices.—*Freeman.*

A deputation of gentlemen from the county of Louth waited upon Mr. Tristram Kennedy, for the purpose of presenting a handsome service of plate, as a testimonial from that county to the independence of Mr. Kennedy's conduct while Member of Parliament. The deputation consisted of the following gentlemen: N. Markey, Michael Lennon, P.P.; John Kearney, P.P.; Owen Markey, Owen Devlin, Thomas King, Patrick McCann, John Kelly, Wm. McMahon, Joseph Carlton, Jas. Patrick Neary, Alexander Kindelan, P.P.; Peter Maguire, N. O. Markey, James Dolan, M. Murphy, P.P.; John Beggan, C.C.; Chas. Kenny, Michael Brangan, Rev. P. J. Ferrall. They were met at Mr. Kennedy's house, in Henrietta street, by a large number of gentlemen and clergymen connected with the Independent Party, and the proceedings were opened by Nicholas Markey, Esq., who introduced the deputation. The address was read by Mr. J. P. Neary, Coroner of Louth.

Mr. John T. Walker, Mr. W. W. King (17th Lancers), Mr. Francis Edward Thomas, and Sir E. Hutchinson were brought before the magistrates in custody—charged with having intended to fight a duel, the two latter as accessories. The principals in the transaction were released on their entering into their own recognizances of £1,000 each, and two sureties of £250 each. Sir E. Hutchinson and Mr. Thomas were discharged on becoming bound in £500 each to keep the peace. The cause of the intended duel is said to have arisen out of a misunderstanding between the principals relative to a lady, a connection of one of the parties.

Galway.

It is gratifying to perceive that the new Town Hall, this much-required and ornamental undertaking, has been at length inaugurated. Some feeling of opposition having existed among a few of the inhabitants by reason of their apprehending a borough rate hereafter, as a consequence of now proceeding with the erection of the building, we deem it but right to state our opinion, grounded upon the selection made of the

contractor, and on the facts and figures from time to time adduced, and not controverted, that there need not exist the slightest apprehension of such an obnoxious proceeding as that of inflicting another tax upon those who have already quite sufficient to bear in this respect. We, ourselves, would be amongst the first to oppose it, as we naturally feel quite as much interest in the welfare, prosperity, and improvement of the town as any other member of the community. We understand that some curious old coins and stones have been found by the excavators in the progress of the work.—*Tuam Herald.*

Mr. Kelly, Grove House, is erecting a flax scutching-mill in the vicinity of the town. The two great impediments against the more extensive cultivation of flax in this locality, were the want of a mill for dressing flax, and the want of a market for disposing of the article when properly prepared. These obstacles will now be removed, as some of the Belfast capitalists have entered into arrangements with local parties to authorize the purchase of any quantity of flax dressed in Mr. Kelly's establishment, or otherwise prepared in the neighborhood.—*Ibid.*

The commission of inquiry has been appointed for scrutinizing the corrupt practices of this borough, at the last and preceding elections. The names of the gentlemen are a sufficient guarantee that the proceedings will be conducted with a strict impartiality. They are John T. Ball, Q.C., John Leahy, and Piers Francis White, Esqrs., of the Irish bar. The commission will proceed with as little delay as possible to the investigation of facts and the production of evidence bearing on the case. The result must be that this city will be freed from a stigma that has long borne upon its political purity, and that has made its name anything but respectable in the electioneering annals of Ireland.—*Vindicator.*

Limerick.

Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., entertained his numerous tenantry at Cahermoyle. A most substantial repast was provided—beef, mutton, pastries, wine, and the native, with flagons of ale. About 150 dined. The entertainment was entirely of a social character. Mr. O'Brien introduced his eldest son, Mr. Edward O'Brien, to his tenants, and that distinguished young gentleman addressed them very feelingly and affectionately. After the repast followed athletic sports and dancing, in which the fair portion of the guests displayed much taste and grace, and all the members of Mrs. O'Brien's family joined. A blazing bonfire flung its enlivening rays around. The tenants are a very superior class; they enjoyed themselves greatly, and, after a most delightful day's entertainment, gave cheers for Mrs. O'Brien and her family, who cordially joined in the merriment, and all departed for their respective homes. This is as it should be, and we hope that other landlords will follow the example of this good man, and be as they ought to be, fathers to their tenants.

Longford.

On the suggestion of the Rev. G. York, administrator, and the Rev. Messrs. O'Reilly, C.C., and Duggan, C.C., a resolution was unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Longford Town Commissioners, against Sunday trading in intoxicating liquors. A committee was appointed to wait upon the spirit dealers of the town of Longford, and request their signatures to a declaration that they would not sell spirits or other intoxicating drink, to be consumed on the premises, at any hour on Sunday. The Commissioners present connected with the trade expressed their willingness to carry out the resolution, and stated their belief that the spirit dealers of Longford would unanimously act upon it.

Louth.

The Drogheda Election Committee reassembled, when the examination of witnesses was resumed. The evidence was of a similar character to that already given, and counsel at both sides having spoken, the committee agreed to the following resolutions: "That Mr. McCann had been duly elected a Burgess to serve in the present parliament for the borough of Drogheda. That there was evidence to show to the committee that both on the day of nomination, and on the preceding day, riotous proceedings took place in the said borough, and that it did not appear to the committee that proper precautions were taken by the authorities to ensure good order." The committee were also of opinion that there was no reason to give costs in any matter arising out of the petition of Mr. James Brodigan.

Mayo.

As observed in our first reference to Lord John Browne's Address, he is the only candidate that has as yet ventured to ask the electors for their votes; and as far as we can judge from his active and most successful canvass, none need now oppose him. The repudiation of any intention to offer himself as a candidate put forth by Valentine O'Connor Blake, Esq., justifies the opinion we formed of the floating rumors we

noticed some time ago. We judged, from his well-known character and high sense of honor, that if he really intended to offer himself to any constituency, he would do so in his own proper person, and not by a stealthy sidekick.—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

Captain W. W. Fitzjames Barry, of Glendore, has been appointed resident magistrate at Castlebar, in the county Mayo.

Tipperary.

The third annual show of the Tipperary Union Farming Society is announced to be held at Tipperary on Saturday, the 26th September next, when money prizes and medals will be awarded to the successful competitors. Various agricultural implements will be given as premiums for well-managed farms and judiciously-cultivated crops, and we find amongst the conditions this very important clause, that "the judges will be directed not to award prizes to any person whose farm is not generally well cultivated and free from weeds."

James Neale, a notorious character, was arrested at Huddersfield, charged with having attacked Captain Inman, at Ballyveelish, near Rathfriland, and having attempted his life under most daring circumstances. We understand that sufficient evidence has been produced as to leave no doubt of his being the person most deeply implicated.

A young man named John Casey, aged 19 years, was drowned while bathing in the river Suir at Kilmoyler.

Queen's County.

An order has been sent from the Castle for the reduction of the strength of the Queen's County constabulary by 100 men.

Waterford.

A fine young man named Michael Curran, from the parish of Kill, fell from his horse. He was taken up immediately and conveyed home where he lingered in the greatest agony until death terminated his sufferings.

Wexford.

Every friend of humanity and advocate of the interests of commerce throughout the globe, will read with sincere gratification the official notice from the Ballast Office, Dublin, communicating the glad tidings, that at length the dangerous shoal on our South East Coast, known as the Blackwater Bank, shall have a Light Ship placed thereon, from the first week in October. We trust, under Divine Providence, that there is now a termination to those numerous periodical calamities, involving a large loss of human life, and the destruction of property representing not only thousands but millions, that it was our painful duty so often to record, as having occurred in that quarter. For upwards of twenty years Alderman Greene strongly urged on the authorities, by private and public remonstrance, the necessity of placing a light on that perilous station; and although his appeals were for a long period unheeded, he has now the happiness to reflect, that, owing to steady perseverance for the achievement of the noble object he had at heart, he has at length not only triumphed, but received in addition the thanks of the members of the Ballast Board for his exertions.—*Independent.*

An inquest was held by Dr. Ryan, coroner, on the body of Catherine Candy, aged sixty years, a lunatic who had put an end to her existence. Mrs. Lane (warden), who was in charge of the deceased, deposed that her duty called her to a distant wing of the female prison, and that on her return she found the deceased with a large cut in her belly; that she was surrounded with a large quantity of blood, and that a portion of her intestines were scattered about; that Dr. Boxwell was immediately sent for, and was quickly in attendance. Dr. Boxwell stated the nature of the wound, and that after sewing it up the deceased survived two hours. The jury then returned the following verdict: "We find that the deceased, Catherine Candy, lunatic, died from the effects of a laceration of her belly and intestines, committed by herself with a blunt scissor, and we strongly recommend that in future all criminal lunatics, and especially those similarly afflicted as the deceased, be, immediately after their commitment, removed to the district Asylum, as we are of opinion that the prison accommodation does not admit of proper supervision."

INDIA FOR THE INDIANS.

(From the *Kilkenny Journal*.)

In the name of justice and humanity, and by the love which we bear for freedom, we protest against the tone adopted by a portion of what is termed the "liberal Irish press," relative to the present struggle in India. Is national, aye, and religious freedom, (even though, unfortunately, the religion be a false one,) are they mere empty sounds, which find no echo in this nation's heart, that its proper national teachers should have no other terms for the struggles for both these blessings, now battling in India against their, and our ancient foe, than "rascals," "blood-thirsty mutineers" and "savages," whom it

is desirable to suppress and punish with all imaginable expedition and rigor?

That members of the liberal press hold such language is, indeed, disgraceful to them, and betokens that the old Irish love of freedom is fast wearing away, before the corrupting influences which of late years have been brought to bear on it, for it should never be forgotten that in India, under English rule, all government has been carried on, not for the benefit of the governed, but for that of the *Governors*. The East India Company is the absolute owner of all lands in the conquered country, and the system of government hitherto pursued has been one of entire absolutism. A class of Natives called *Zimindars*, or tax-gatherers, are made responsible for the revenues payable to the Company. These tax-gatherers are elevated to the position of a native aristocracy, and the military force of the Company are placed at their disposal to levy the taxes. But the system does not stop here. After the taxes are duly paid, whatever further can be ground out of the miserably oppressed *Sepoys* tend to form this revenue, or perquisites, of these tax-gatherers. How this was done the recent revelations of the tortures they inflicted on the miserable peasantry of India fully shows, and will suffice to give an idea of the beneficence of English rule in India. The Company also keeps in its hands the monopoly of the chief necessities of life, and the consequence of this is, that India where, before its conquest, its people were clad in their own beautiful fabrics of silks and muslin, and enjoyed the teeming beauty of the earth, now are clad in cheap Manchester cotton (triumph of civilization) and fed with the worst kind of rice. During the same period of English rule, the canals for irrigating the land, and without which cultivation in India is impossible—the roads and bridges, the reservoirs for containing a supply of water so difficult to be got during the hot season—the works of their native kings and princes, and which exceeded all else of their kind in the world for greatness and beauty, have been allowed to fall into decay, while jungle has again overspread the fields, once made beautiful by industrious culture. All—all is changed and made desolate to satisfy that thirst for plunder which has daily for years made the sun, in its course, a witness to the evils produced by England's mode of governing her foreign possessions; and there are people so obtuse or corrupt, as to wonder why the brothers or the sons of the despoiled—the tortured Indians, should revolt against their tyrants? The wonder is, that they have so long endured the yoke which has pressed so heavily upon them. The conquest of a country always corrupts a portion of its inhabitants, consequently, even in India, there are some who will unite with the English—the *Zamindars* for instance—and some of the petty despots who are retained in a nominal sovereignty by the Company that their subjects may be the more easily fleeced. These, of course, are loud in their pretensions of attachment to the foreign rule; but when England relies on them, she leans on a broken reed, for those who are capable of abandoning the interests of their own country through selfish motives, will not hesitate to abandon another separated from them by hundreds of miles. Thus, without Indian friends to be relied on, and a hundred thousand disciplined soldiers, animated with the most determined hatred, England must, to say the least, re-conquer India; and as the fidelity of native troops can never again be relied on to maintain her conquest, it is evident that her Eastern sceptre is falling from her grasp. To Ireland this can only bring good. It will weaken England, and thus make the redress of our own wrongs the more certain. We will lose nothing, for had England ten such empires as India, it would bring us no gain.

(From the *Nation*.)

So Delhi is not taken after all. On the 27th of June, General Barnard still sat facing the Grand Magul; Grand Redan. *Sepoy* sorties, swooping out in the sultry night, were breaking the corners off his cantonments—but we are amply assured that they were always repulsed—as a boomerang returns to the hand that aims it. We have heard also of engagements between the troops in the field. General Courtlandt met a brigade of the Mogul's army, which, he says, fought "with skill and spirit"—nevertheless retired. We almost fancy we are going through the early stages of Sebastopol again with its deadly incessant activity and exhausting victories—and we have only to recollect a little history to discover that Indian sieges are always awful affairs—Serinagapatam, Bhurtpoor, Mooltan, for instance—Delhi, that is to be the most deadly we believe of all.

Meanwhile the Revolution has eaten its way right into the heart of the country. Holkar's territory and army have gone with Scindia's—there are mutinies close on the Bombay and Madras borders, at Mhow and Nosong. Saugor is positively gone—and

all Oude is in a flame. We can already calculate the progress of the movement by easy stages. It is wedging itself between the two Southern Presidencies. How long the Madras and Bombay armies will stand to their arms is a question of chance. To suppose there is any vitality in their loyalty would be absurd. All they want is opportunity and a base of operations—and both are now being made for them. The next great Hindoo potentate we may expect to hear of in arms is the Nizam of Hyderabad—looking for his old plundered territory of Berar. Then all India will be in the field.

Delhi not taken on the 1st of July—it is quite certain would be splendidly defended by the Monsoon alone for the following three months. Before this date, we have every reason to suppose that General Barnard's doom has been decided—and that his presence in a cage of charming golden flagree now adorns the principal court of the Zenana.

ENGLAND.

LOSS AND RECOVERY OF A BAR OF GOLD.—Mr. Greenfield, the pier-master at Greenwich, discovered on one of the seats just previously occupied by passengers, a small paper parcel. On picking it up he found it to be very weighty, and on opening it a bar of gold was discovered, which, on being taken to the London and County Bank, was found to weigh thirty-nine ounces, and to be worth at least £150. Mr. Greenfield having had possession of the precious parcel about an hour and a half, was waited upon by the owner, who gave so accurate a description of its contents, that Mr. Greenfield restored it to him, the owner saying that he had a brother living in Brand street, who was employed by Mr. Morley, and that he had only had the gold-dust run down the day previously, the bar of gold being the produce of eleven years' toil in California. On having his property restored to him the Californian adventurer handed Mr. Greenfield a sovereign, promising to see him another day. They met again, when Mr. Greenfield had two more sovereigns handed to him, one of which he refused to accept, remarking that if the owner was satisfied at recovering his property for the £2 he was perfectly satisfied in receiving only that amount.

FORBIDDING THE BANNs.—Bromyard's is a little town, not remarkable for its advancement in the social scale. On Sunday, the 2d ult., the clergyman was publishing the banns of marriage in the parish church between William Bruton and Elizabeth Corbett, both of Bromyard, but before he could utter the words, "last time of asking," an individual arose from his seat, and shouted, "I forbid it!" The clergyman ordered the speaker to attend in the vestry after service. As soon as service was fairly concluded, an old man limping made his way to the vestry. The objector proved to be no other than the intended bridegroom, who said that he had found out that Corbett was married some twenty years ago to one Harber, and, therefore, he could not marry her. The old man says that the reason he forbade the banns being published was because he had been told he should be obliged to marry her if he did not, and that if he forbid them he could have his money returned.

MONUMENT TO THE WELSH FUSILIERS.—The town of Swansea has been selected as that at which shall be erected the monument to the officers and men of the Welsh Fusiliers who fell during the late war with Russia in the Crimea. Colonel Lysons visited the town to examine the sites pointed out as those most eligible, and he has selected, subject, however, to alteration, the Guildhall square as the place at which the monument could be most advantageously placed. The design of the monument has not been definitely settled, as it will be adapted to some extent to the spot on which it will be placed. At present it is intended that it shall be about thirty feet high, and have a base of about twenty feet.

THE JEW QUESTION IN LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Mozley, banker, of the Jewish persuasion, was elected without opposition in the town council as member for the ward, of Rodney street, the other representative for which is Mr. James Aspinall Tobin, who three years ago occupied the civic chair. Mr. Mozley, in returning thanks for his return, stated that the result was especially gratifying to himself, as this was the first occasion on which a member of his persuasion had been asked even to allow his name to be proposed in connection with the municipal representation of the town.

TWO ASCENDING WITH LARGE SUMS.—A clerk in the Transport Office, Liverpool, has absconded with upwards of £4,000, and a clerk in the Customs at Hull has gone off with £2,500. One of the delinquents is a person of great attainments, and is accompanied in his flight by a young lady of good family.

The standard for infantry recruits has been reduced to 5 feet 5-1-2 inches. Recruiting has not been, as yet, very successful.

A fearful storm of rain inundated Scarborough, sweeping the streets and gardens like a river, overthrowing walls, and in some cases even houses and bridges, bursting drains, flooding all the cellars to six or seven feet deep, destroying a vast quantity of furniture, drowning several pigs, and a horse in a stable, its foal escaping by standing on its mother's back. Many persons narrowly escaped with their lives, particularly women and children.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

August 4, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Francis street, Dublin, by the Rev. P. Smith, Michael F. Carroll, son of the late Mr. John Carroll, Strawberry Hall, King's County, to Jane Teresa, daughter of Mr. Christopher Brady, County Wick.
August 6, in St. Paul's Church, Lieutenant M'Gill, of the 79th Highlanders, to Isabella, daughter of John Ireland, Esq., of Ellistown.
August 11, in St. George's Church, John M. Boyle, Esq., of Belfast, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Francis Moore, Esq., of Thornmount, Kilkenny.
August 5, at Monkstown, Arthur Molloy, Esq., solicitor, of York street, to Sarah, daughter of John Carroll, Esq., Lower Gardner street.
August 8, Frederick C. Kelly, Esq., eldest son of P. W. Kelly, of Kingstown, county Dublin, to Maria, only daughter of the late John Pettar, Esq., Dublin.
August 11, at Swords, by the Rev. T. Kirwan, P.P., Mr. Joseph Richard, of Goleenpenny, Lusk, to Agnes, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Early, of Swords.
At Timoney, Hugh Messy O'Grady, Esq., of Castlebar, in the county of Sligo, eldest surviving son of the late Hon. W. O'Grady, and nephew of the late Viscount Guillemore, to Zillah Selina Maria, daughter of the late William Henry Hutchinson, Esq., of Rockforest, county Tipperary.
August 4, in Ennis, Captain Morgan, on half-pay of the 95th regiment, to Eliza, eldest daughter of James Tymons, Esq., of Baskinhill, county Dublin.
August 4, at Drogheda, George Browne, Esq., of Donaghney, to Charlotte Ann, daughter of John Black, Esq., of Drogheda.
August 5, at Davigall, in the Queen's County, Charles J. Webb, Esq., son of the late Captain Webb, of the 72d Highlanders, to Caroline Isabella, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. G. Webb, rector of Dysartgallen.
August 5, at Monte, Arthur, son of the late Alex. Gibbons, Esq., of Tully, in the King's County, to Emily, eldest daughter of George Fleming, Esq., of Surcoo House, in the county Westmeath.
August 6, at Donard, Aquila M'Mahon, Esq., son of John M'Mahon, Esq., of Upper Gloucester street, Dublin, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Francis Faris, rector of Donard.
August 6, at Holywood, county Down, Hugh M'Clelland, Esq., of Belfast, to Martha, second daughter of T. Chermide, Esq., of Spafford, Holywood.
August 6, at Newcastle, county Limerick, Esq., of Tarmore, county Clare, to Susan Mary, only daughter of the late Maurice Kelly, Esq., of Friarstown, co. Kildare.
August 6, at Coleraine, Mr. James Chardon, to Mary Jane, daughter of Samuel Raymond, Esq., of Listowel, county Kerry.
August 6, in the Catholic Church of Killeshandra, by the Rev. John Boylan, Charles Boylan, Esq., to Ellen Gilsiey, daughter of Mr. P. Gibney, innkeeper of that town.
August 7, at Liffelton, county Tipperary, Marmaduke T. Foster, Esq., of Glasgow, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of William Charles Maury, Esq., of Littleton Castle.
August 11, at Newcastle, county Limerick, the Rev. William Cotton Rinzwood, to Anna Maria, only child of Richard Lannan, Esq., of Kesh, county Londonderry.
August 11, at Ballinacorney, William Henry Esq., sub-inspector of constabulary, Ballinacorney, to Kate, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Matthews of Ballinacorney.
August 12, at the Roman Catholic Church, Clondalkin, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, P.P., John Harrington, Esq., of Dunlavin, to Ellen, daughter of Michael M'Dona, Esq., of Ballyfermot House, county Dublin.
May 21, at Prahran, Australia, Mr. James R. O'Keefe, late of Dublin, to Ellen, daughter of the late Isaac Harbert Mooney, Esq., of Dublin, and sister of the late Robert Mooney, Esq., Editor of the *Belfast News-Letter*.

DEATHS.

August 4, at her residence, 34 Camden street, Dublin, Rose, the beloved wife of Mr. Christopher Brady, aged 41 years.
August 10, at his residence, Kilminkham, after a long and painful illness, Patrick Dowling, in the 45th year of his age.
August 9, at Clontarf, Johanna, wife of Mr. Charles Slone.
August 9, at Forest Lodge, county Dublin, Elizabeth, relict of Peter Brennan, Esq.
July 31, at Ballywillamore, county Carlow, Captain Evans, late of the 83d regiment.
August 1, at his residence, Collinstown, county Kildare, Mr. Wm. Leavy, deeply regretted.
August 4, at Knocknoll, near Nenagh, Anne, third daughter of the late Adam Walker, Esq.
August 6, at Carrick-on-Shannon, Anne, Elizabeth, wife of Quartermaster Blake, of the 12th Royal Lancers.
August 7, at Campmore, county Limerick, Mary, relict of T. Moore, Esq.
August 7, at Grange, county Wick, Robert Gunning, Esq.
August 8, at Fort Faulkner, in the county Wicklow, Arthur Faulkner, Esq.
August 9, at Carbury vicarage, county Kildare, aged 86 years, Elizabeth, widow of John F. Hewson, Esq., of Ennismore, in the county Kerry.
At the Convent of Mercy, Ballinasloe, Sister Mary Frances Farley.
In Ennis, aged 90 years, Miss Sarah Martin, an old and respected member of the Society of Friends.
August 10, at Dunderland Castle, Cork, aged 61 years, Charles Burton Newenham, Esq.
August 11, at Ballyshannon, county Tipperary, aged 70 years, Ambrose Goleg, Esq.
August 10, at Boranstown rectory, Louisa Charlotte Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Eyre Evans, Esq., of Ash-Hill Towers, county Limerick.
August 6, at Dardham, near Bristol, the Rev. George Armstrong, formerly incumbent of Bangor, county Down.
August 10, at his residence, Dunloe street, Ballinasloe, in the 57th year of his age, after a tedious and protracted illness, which he bore with the most patient and Christian resignation, Timothy Canfield Esq., uncle to the venerated Bishop of Clonfert, the Right Rev. Dr. Derry.
At Ballyshannon House, county Kildare, Charles B. Lockwood, Esq., at the early age of 29 years. Mr. L. was a sporting character, and some time since was well known in the South of Ireland. He was the owner of the *Pew*, *Saucan*, and several horses of established celebrity.
We regret to have to announce the death of Bartholomew Bretherton, Esq., at his residence at Rathhill, in the 86 years of his age, and well known in the south of England as a large coach proprietor in the days before railways were made, in which he realized a handsome independence. He built and endowed a Catholic chapel in the immediate vicinity of his residence at Rathhill.—*R.P.*
At the residence of Mr. Justice Wightman, near Hampton, whither he had been removed, a few days previously, from his apartments in Kensington Palace, for change of air, the Right Hon. Mr. John Wilson Croker. He was in the 77th year. John Wilson Croker was the only son of the late Mr. John Croker, Surveyor General Ireland.

HOME MISCELLANY.

WESTERN TOWNS AND CITIES.—Marvellous are the growth and prosperity of a thousand places in the "Great West," there are a few—possibly a few hundreds—where the reality does not quite sustain the imagination which has been exercised in relation to them. The *Boston Traveller* says: "A gentleman recently returned from the West relates that in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted the map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road, but some twelve or fifteen miles off, he concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary woodchopper emerging from the forest, he accosted him, and inquired how far it was to Vienna. 'Vienna!' exclaimed the man, 'why, you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you see a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? that was Vienna!' The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night. 'Why, you are right on that place now,' returned the man: 'it begins just on the other side of yon ravine, and runs down to a clump of girdled trees which you will see about a mile further on the road.' 'And are there no houses built?' faltered out the traveller. 'Oh, no! no houses whatsoever,' returned the woodman; 'they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it the town lots were all disposed of to the Eastern States: and everything has been left just as you now see it ever since.'"

THE LOVE OF A CHILD.—TOUCHING INCIDENT.—The death of a lovely child was mentioned in our paper a few days ago, and we have just heard of an incident connected with that event, which touches all the tender feelings of the human heart. Among the many destitute children, who daily seek their food from door to door, is a small girl who frequently went to the house where the little deceased boy lived. Sometimes she lingered for a few moments, and by degrees became acquainted with and attached to this lovely child; until finally she often remained a long while, and shared in its amusements. The sequel shows that during this time an attachment was formed the strength and tenderness of which was only known when the little one was cold in death. The evening before the funeral, the little beggar girl went to the kitchen, the place she was accustomed to, and remained until after nine o'clock, hoping, as has since appeared, to get a glimpse of the corpse of her little friend. When the procession started for Mt. Hope, she was observed by an uncle of the deceased to be near and sobbing as though her heart was broken, but no one knew the cause of her grief. Arrived at the entrance to the place of burial, she was again seen, having walked and run all the way, in a warm day, the sweat pouring from her sun-burnt face and brow, and she panting for breath. She followed on to the grave, and after the services and the lowering of the little sleeper to his final earthly rest, the apparently friendless stranger was questioned as to the cause of her grief; and then, for the first time, it was found that she was grieved, as only her sobs could tell, at the loss of the little child who, when she came upon her daily errand, had entwined itself around her heart. That little girl—the child of poor parents—goes in the plainest garb; it may be soiled and torn—her feet bare, and her whole appearance, so far as dress is concerned, indicating extreme poverty; but under all this, she has a heart containing a jewel, to which God himself will give a place in his crown.—*Rochester Democrat*.

AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD.—The condition of nearly all other nations on the globe, even at a moment of comparative quiet, should inspire us with a deep sense of our own happy lot. England is at this moment engaged in two expensive wars, each on a far distant theatre, each resulting from aggression, and each draining at the vitals of the people, either by loading them down with taxes at home, or by offering them as a sacrifice abroad. In every other nation of the old world order is only maintained by the sword, and labor is only paid to keep it from starvation. Let us look at the one picture and then at the other. Let us contrast our own peaceful and prosperous people with those abroad who suffer, starve, and die, and then cease all petty bickerings and strifes.—*Catskill Recorder*.

PRICES OF PROVISION IN WASHINGTON.—The following list of the prices of groceries in common use is furnished by a merchant, acquainted with the market prices throughout the District: Flour, family, per bbl., \$10.50; superfine, \$8.50; sugar, crushed and pulverized, per lb., 16c.; brown, 11a12c.; molasses, per gal., 62a75c.; corn meal, per bushel, \$1; rice, per lb., 7c.; cheese, 15c.; bacon, hams, 16a17c.; sides, 16a18c.; shoulders, 14c.; lard, 17c.; coffee, 12a18c.; tea, 60a81c.; candles, 18c.; soap, 6a8c.; lamp oil, per gal., \$1.25a2c.; vinegar 25c.; salt, fine, per bushel, 60c.; coarse, 50c.; herrings, per doz., 18c.; do. per bbl., \$5.50; salmon, per lb., 12c.; trout, 10c.

SAGACITY OF THE BEAR.—Several anecdotes are related concerning the habits of the black bear, which would seem to entitle him to a higher position in the scale of animal instinct and sagacity than that of almost any other quadruped. For instance, it is said that before making his bed to lie down, the animal invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy now come upon his track, he must approach him with the wind; and with the bear's keen sense of smell, he is almost certain to be made aware of his presence, and has time to escape before he is himself seen. It is also stated that when pursued, the bear sometimes takes refuge in caves in the earth or rocks, where the hunter often endeavors, by making a smoke at the entrance, to force him out; but it not unfrequently happens that, instead of coming out when the smoke becomes too oppressive, he very deliberately advances to the fire, and with his fore feet beats upon it until it is extinguished, then retreats into the cave. This has often been seen. Yet another anecdote which is related would go to prove this quadruped one of the most stupid fellows in the brute creation. It is stated that when the bear cannot be driven out of the cave by smoke, it sometimes becomes necessary for the hunter to take his rifle, and with a torch to enter the cavern in search of him. One would suppose this a very hazardous undertaking, and that the animal would soon eject the presumptuous intruder; but, on the contrary, as soon as he sees the light approaching, he sits up-right on his haunches, and with his fore paws covers his face and eyes, and remains in this position until the light is removed. Thus the hunter is enabled to approach as close as he desires without danger, and taking deadly aim with his faithful rifle, poor bruin is slain.

THE LARGEST GIANT IN THE WORLD.—Some weeks ago we gave a few facts in regard to the weight and dimensions of Miles Darden, who died in Tennessee, and was said to be the largest man in the world. The Jackson *Whig* has the following additional particulars of the deceased, furnished by Rev. John Brooks: "He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he was compelled to stay at home, or be hauled about in a two-horse wagon. In 1859 he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him a suit of clothes for \$50—the cloth was to cost \$5 per yard. Upon measurement it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost \$10 and the making. The tailor states that three men, each weighing over two hundred pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them and walked across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it took thirteen one-half yards of flax-cloth, yard wide, to make him a coat. It took sixteen yards of cambric for his shroud; twenty-four yards of black velvet to cover the sides and lid of his coffin; one hundred and twenty-five feet of plank to make his coffin. His coffin was eight feet long; across the breast thirty-two inches; across the head eighteen inches; across the foot fourteen inches; its depth thirty-five inches. He weighed in 1845 eight hundred and seventy-one pounds. His height was seven feet six inches. His weight when he died, as nearly as could be ascertained, was a fraction over one thousand pounds."

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE GULF STREAM.—The general description of the Gulf Stream, apart from any present question as to its source, is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the northeast, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself by still wider diffusion, in the Bay of Biscay, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates. The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemin, which compresses its egress from the gulf, is about four miles an hour; off Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the Newfoundland Banks, it is further reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic.

THE TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA.—The Territory of Nebraska was once a part of the old province of Louisiana, purchased from the French during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and ceded to the United States in 1803. A territorial government was organized in Nebraska in 1854, and Omaha selected as the seat of government. The progress of the Territory since then has been gradual, and it now contains a population of about 15,000, and real estate amounting to \$2,000,000, while Congress has provided for opening four land offices in the Territory. The south line of Nebraska is the fortieth parallel, its north the forty-ninth. On one side is Kansas, and on the other the British possessions, a boundary which will one day require fortresses and troops. On the east is the Missouri river, and on the West the Rocky mountains. Its area is 335,882 square miles, a larger extent of country having a government than any other on the continent, and enough for several States.

A VISIT TO MARSHFIELD.—A party of ladies and gentlemen (says the *Boston Post*) visited Marshfield, a few days since, to view the mansion and grounds of the late Daniel Webster. They were received in the kindest manner by the lady of the house, whose cheerful countenance and friendly smiles alone were more than a sufficient recompense for the long and tedious ride over the dusty roads which lead to the home of the "Great Expounder." An hour was pleasantly passed in surveying the different apartments, and gazing upon the many portraits of distinguished individuals which adorn the walls. Great care and attention have been bestowed upon the premises by the present occupant, and everything about the estate bears marks of the good taste displayed in laying out the grounds. A great many persons daily visit this place, and all are hospitably received, and permitted to take a free range of the extensive estate. A servant is in readiness to conduct strangers through the house. By the regulations of the mansion, and for the better preservation of the premises, a small fee (25 cents per head) must be paid by each visitor. The book for the names of visitors contains the signatures of persons from every part of the country, and from foreign lands. It is stated, that in one month last summer, 2,000 persons visited the home and resting-place of Webster.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.—A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was much mounting, and racing, and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But alas! their enemies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife.

ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS.—St. Anthony's Falls, in Minnesota Territory, are about two hundred and fifty miles above the northern boundary of the State of Illinois. They were named by Father Hennepin, in honor of St. Anthony, the patron saint of fishes. The river here is little over one-third of a mile wide, and falls perpendicularly sixteen and a half feet; it is then divided into two channels by a small islet called Cataract Island. Upon nearing the Falls the traveller is deeply impressed with the beautiful adaptation of the place, and all its delightful association. The scenery is the most beautiful that could be imagined. In the summer season the tall trees are all laden with rich blossoms, and their branches archly entwined in friendly embrace above the green, flower-carpeted earth beneath them. Unlike Niagara, there is nothing grand, sublime, or terrible in this scene—it is simply beautiful and picturesque. Then the many fragments of old history that cluster around it like its own beautiful scenery, and the many simple legends which tradition tells of, it furnishes sufficient food for the most fertile imagination, and all conspire to render this spot one of universal interest.

FEARFUL SUSPENSE.—Quite a fearful scene was witnessed at Wheeling, on a recent Sunday. A little child, about four years of age, had ascended a pair of stairs to the roof of the back part of a house on Main street, and commenced frolicking about, unconscious of the imminent danger of its position. Occasionally it would approach the very eaves of the house, and peer calmly down, a distance of thirty-five feet, into the back yard below. It was thus occupied when its father appeared at an opening near the comb of the roof and called to him. The little fellow replied with a laugh, but would not leave the roof. As the father approached him, he would retreat backwards towards certain destruction. The father finally hit upon the stratagem of holding a small piece of money in his hand and extending it towards the child. This had the desired effect. The avaricious young scamp rushed towards its progenitor in a little less than no time. It was a terrible suspense for the parent, who breathed freer when the child was secured. The opening in the roof was closed up within half an hour.—*Wheeling Intelligencer*.

ABBE PERCHÉ.—Our colleague, of the French department of the *Orleanian*, informs us that he has received a letter from Vicar-General Roussellon, wherein it is stated that the Abbe Perche, instead of being numbered with the dead—with those who sleep till time's ending—is yet among the living, and his health much improved. On the day he was reported to have demised, he was able to sit up, and it is fondly hoped, that he will be restored to his usual sanitary state. His disease is said to be atrophy of the heart. He is tarrying at the residence of Dr. Fagat, of Mandeville. We also understand that he was not connected with the army of *le grand empereur*. The *Propagateur Catholique*, which he edited, owing to his malady, has not been issued for some time.

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of every young man to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud, and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good, where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story, to excite laughter, and influence the bad passions. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

INDIAN THREE BECAME CITIZENS.—An interesting incident occurred on the 30th of July, in the office of Indian Affairs. A treaty was concluded and signed by the Commissioner and delegation of Ottawas from Kansas, by which this band of Indians surrendered their tribal character and became citizens of the United States. The delegates appeared highly delighted after the treaty was signed, and enjoyed the prospect of becoming fellow-citizens. After a ratification by the Senate they surrendered their reservation—seventy-four thousand acres—only to have it again patented to them individually. They also release the United States from all annuities and other claims, and receive in lieu thereof sixty-six thousand dollars in two equal instalments, the first instalment payable on the ratification of the treaty, and the second one year thereafter.—*Wisconsin paper*.

TAKING THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS.—The ladies of the village of Belmont, a few miles out on the Central Ohio railroad, recently armed themselves with axes and hatchets with the intention of besieging two barrels of common whiskey which had arrived at the Union Hotel at that place. The owner of the two barrels of the fluid aforesaid got wind of the proposed attack upon his premises, and accordingly removed the liquor into his kitchen, and barred all the doors about the house, and taking a position at the window, watched the approach of the cavalcade with intense interest. The female soldiery were drawn up in a redoubtable position in front of the door, and the leader thereof demanded an entrance. The landlord refused. The doors were then tried, but without success; and the besiegers retired to await a more convenient time for the attack.

RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN INDIANA.—A move is being made in the Legislature of Indiana. The House of Representatives have passed a bill securing to married women whose husbands had abandoned them, either voluntarily or by the compulsion of a judicial sentence in cases of felony, all their own property, real and personal, all they may make during such desertion, and all the proceeds of debts due their husbands, for the support of themselves and families. As the law now stands, a worthless husband may return from an absence of years, and deprive his wife of all she has accumulated by her own industry or otherwise. He may go even further, and collect again the wages paid her for her labor by those who have given her employment, unless they make it appear in the defence that such payment was in the form of necessities, or to procure them.

THE MARCY TESTIMONIAL.—The testimonial of the merchants of New York, which they intended to present to the late Wm. L. Marcy, has just been completed. It consists of a magnificent dinner and tea set of silver, and includes every article that goes to furnish a table. Even the dish-covers are of solid silver, and the silver is one of the largest and costliest ever made in this country. The whole set will cost \$7,000. This testimonial was prepared under the auspices of Royal Phelps, James G. King, and John Stevens, on behalf of the New York merchants. It will be presented to the family of Mr. Marcy.

TRAIN FOR SALT LAKE.—There has just been fitted out at Atchinson, Mo., one of the largest of those caravans or "trains" by which the commerce between the States and the Great Salt Lake Valley is carried. This train consists of seventy-three wagons, 876 oxen, and ninety men. It is laden with 140 tons of assorted merchandize, adapted to the Salt Lake trade. Some idea of the immense value of goods carried by this train may possibly be had when it is stated that the freight alone upon them from Atchinson to Salt Lake will exceed \$40,000. Similar trains are also fitting out at Weston, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Independence, &c.

MILLS STOPPED.—The number of cotton looms that have been stopped in New England, in consequence of the high price of cotton and the low price of goods, is about 6,000, and orders have been given to stop many more, as fast as the yarn runs out. We know of two large mills that will run only till the cotton now in process of manufacture is exhausted. The looms now in operation are not only too many for the supply of cotton; they are too many for the demand for cotton goods at anything like the prices, which alone, at the present cost of the raw material, can return a new dollar for an old one.—*Providence Journal*.

MADE A BEAST OF HIMSELF.—Martin Perkins of Dover, N. H., lately hauled a wagon weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, with a man in it weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, two miles in twenty two minutes for a wage of \$50. The road over which he travelled was very rough and uneven.

A NEW BRANCH OF INDUSTRY.—Many of the people in the shore towns of Maine have been pursuing a new branch of industry for the last few years—the "pogy business." During a number of the summer months, a small fish called pogy makes into the bays along the shores, in shoals. They are taken in nets in large quantities, boiled in a large kettle fitted up in a furnace at the shore, thence passed into a press constructed like a cider press, and the oil extracted from them. It is then barreled up and sent to Boston market. It generally brings from \$15 to \$18 per barrel. During the best of the season the business is profitable.

HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.—The *National Intelligencer* is publishing Mr. Gales's reminiscences of the civil history of the last war with Great Britain, and the *Star* states of them, very justly, as destined to prove one of the most valuable accessions to American history that have so far been put in print. Mr. G.'s qualifications as a writer are second to those of hardly any other American engaged in any literary walk. His associations have been with the great men of the past age, concerning whose acts and views he writes with an intimate knowledge of all the details of American history to the present time.

A RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION ROBBERED.—The publishing house of the German Evangelical Association in Cleveland has lately suffered from the loss of money letters. At least ninety, containing various sums from three to thirty dollars each, have failed to come to hand within a few months. The thief was at last found to be a lad of sixteen, named Atkinson, the son of respectable parents. On his arrest he acknowledged his guilt, and implicated the son of a clergyman, who had divided the stolen moneys with him, and enabled him to obtain a duplicate of the key of the drawer at the post-office from which the letters were stolen.

AN INDIAN ON HOOPS.—En-me-ga-bowh, a civilized Chippewa Indian, has been visiting St. Paul, M. T., and communicating the result of his observations to the *St. Paul Advertiser*. He says: "I saw curious things in almost every store; they resembled an owl's head. I soon found out that they were under-garments of the white man's squaws. The dresses of the squaws are full, and almost cover the entire sidewalk streets, and on walking myself on the streets, and when meeting the ladies, I have to give way, for fear I might bend or set out of order the iron or wooden hoops."

THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER.—The warmest day of the summer, thus far, was Friday, August 14. Previous to this time there had been no genuine summer weather. Rains, and winds, and cool days had been following each other, with hardly an interval of hot and sultry weather since spring. Old records have been hunted up, to decide the question whether for twenty years or longer New York has ever enjoyed a summer like the present, with the thermometer under 90°, up to the middle of August.

HORSES.—The age of a horse is now more easily told by his eyes than his teeth, in this way: after the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter, he has one defined wrinkle for each over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen; add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will always get it. So says a writer; and he is confident that it will never fail. As a great many people have horses over nine it is easily tried.

THE CATTLE STOLEN BY INDIANS.—The Cheyenne Indians lately stole 800 head of cattle on the way to Utah, to be used for the subsistence of U. S. troops there. According to information that reached the War Department they were taken by the Cheyennes not far west of Fort Kearney, as they were being driven to Utah in advance of General Harney's army. They were under the charge of their owners, drivers and herders, and were the property, not of the government, but of army contractors, on whom the loss alone falls.

STATUE OF JOHN ADAMS.—The statue of John Adams, by Randolph Rogers, the distinguished American sculptor, has been completed at Rome and shipped for Boston, where it may be expected to arrive in the course of a few weeks. In consequence of the lamented illness of Mr. Crawford, the statue of James Otis may be delayed, but it may, nevertheless, be regarded as sure of completion, the design and plaster model having been finished by that artist, and placed in the hands of the marble workers, some time before his attack of illness.

MARKS OF SUSPICION.—Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he has no purpose of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself. The more successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp.

APPLES PRESERVED BY LIME.—A person who put a part of his apples in lime-barrels found them almost entirely sound when opened, while the same kind of apples, put up in flour-barrels, were very much decayed. We have heard of this antiseptic quality of lime before, in preserving vegetables. The subject is worthy of greater attention.

A LOWERED WOMAN.—An exchange paper gives the following definition of a lowered woman: one who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct.

A DROWSY DANSEL.—The Rockville (Ind.) *Republican* says, that some fellow entered the house of Mr. Jesse Wright of that county, and robbed the room of Mr. W.'s daughter, who was sleeping in her bed. After plundering as much as he could, he proceeded very coolly to steal the ear-rings out of the ears of the drowsy dandel. Then he pulled the rings off her fingers, and thinking still that he hadn't made the robbery complete, he cut all the hair off one side of her head. And he accomplished it all without waking the girl.

PROFITABLE PEARL HUNTING.—About fifty of the inhabitants of Spencer, Mass., have spent lately three days in searching for pearls in a small brook near the railroad station. The *Worcester Bay State* says that a great many clams have been opened, a good deal of whiskey drank, and about twenty pearls found, the value of which can be estimated from the fact that the Postmaster of that town offered a cent apiece for a few of the best of them.

A LONG FAST.—On the second of April last a lady in Sharon, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, vacated a house, which has remained untenanted until last week. On opening one of the rooms, which was entirely closed, a cat was found, wretchedly emaciated, but still alive, having undergone a four months' fast. The cat bids fair to recover, and, as the story goes, has "a wonderful hankering after victuals."

POISONED HAY.—A farmer in Ashtabula, Ohio, complains that he has lately lost seven head of cattle by their eating poisoned hay. It appears that the poison is in the form of ergot, a smutty excrement, which grows on the June grass. It grows as it does on rye, in the shape of a diseased and enlarged seed of dark color, varying from the size of a wheat grain to three-fourths of an inch long.

ONE MORE YET.—A preacher in the New England States announces that all existing forms of Christianity are corrupt, and that he has been called by God to found a Church, which shall be the same as that instituted by Christ. When will Protestants discover that there is no ground on which they can rest, and, like the Prodigal, return to the house of their Father?

KENTUCKY DEMOCRATIC.—Two years ago Moorehead, the Know-Nothing Governor, was elected by over 4,000 majority; last year Buchanan and Breckinridge carried the State by 7,000 majority, and now Garrard is elected State Treasurer by 13,000 majority, while the Democrats have gained four members of Congress, and secured the Legislature with 20 majority on joint ballot.

THE BITE OF SPIDERS.—The papers record numerous cases of poisoning by the bite of spiders. In most cases, says the *Providence Journal*, they have yielded to treatment; in a few they have been fatal. Whether these insects are more abundant this season or whether the cases have been more generally recorded, we do not know.

PRICES OF REAL ESTATE.—As an exemplification of the magnitude of the real estate business in New York, it is stated that the public and private sales made by Messrs. E. H. Ludlow & Co., during the six months ending with the first day of August, amounted to five millions eight hundred and sixteen thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven dollars (\$5,816,527).

SUITS FOR DAMAGES.—Mr. John A. Robinson, of Boston, has commenced a suit against that city, and laid damages at \$10,000 for injury which his son received at the explosion of the mortar on the Common on the evening of the 4th of July. The case goes before the Supreme Court.

WORTH TRYING.—Lieutenant Maury has recently published an article, in which he maintains that the common sun-flower is a specific for the fever and ague, so common along our water courses and in the western States, as it absorbs the miasma which causes the disease.

The Field family record is summed up by an exchange, as follows: "Few families of brothers exhibit more talent and enterprise than the Fields, natives of Stockbridge, Mass., but now all occupying prominent positions before the country. Cyrus W. Field, long known as an extensive dealer in paper in the city of New York, has lately rendered his name familiar to the world by his prominent connection with the Ocean Telegraph. Matthew D. Field, State Senator from this County, is also engaged in the same enterprise, and is at this moment cruising with the Company's steamer in the vicinity of Trinity Bay, awaiting the arrival of the vessels with the cable, and the result of the experiment. David Dudley Field is known as a distinguished lawyer in the city of New York. Stephen J. Field is a Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court in California. Jonathan P. Field is an able and prominent lawyer in Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Mass., and, if not so widely known, is not behind the others in ability."

Speaking of the Rio Grande, a writer says: "Imagine one of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and fancy to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all of these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this crooked river. There is no drift wood in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can't find its way far down enough to lodge two sticks together; but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpools in the bends, because they cannot find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river and light on the same side they start from, being deceived by the crooks."

An interesting incident connected with the capture of Washington, in August, 1814, and which has never been published, is, that among the other acts of brutality and infamy which so celebrated the British army while there, was the despoiling of the American Naval Monument. This monument, erected to our brave officers who fell at Tripoli, by their surviving comrades, now fronting the west entrance of the Capitol, was then standing in the Navy-yard. One of the figures represents the Goddess of Fame, with a book on her lap, recording the gallant deeds of the naval heroes. The pen which she held in her fingers was struck from her hand by Lieut. G. Pratt, of H. B. M. frigate *Seahorse*, saying, as he flourished his sword, "the muse of history needs no pen to record the deeds of so pusillanimous a navy as America's." Afterwards Lieut. Thomas Ap. Catesby Jones (now Commodore) erased the calumny with the blood and death of that British officer at New Orleans, while the marble pen which he carried from Washington as a trophy, was then in his writing-desk aboard the *Seahorse*!

A shocking case of ill-treatment, resulting in death, has lately come to light, in the case of Margaret Dale, sister of a Mrs. Conover, wife of Dr. Conover. Owing to her imbecility of mind, or other cause, she was kept in the Doctor's family more as a servant than a sister, so that a son of the family testified that he never knew, till after her death, that she was his aunt. It was proved that the Doctor was in the habit of kicking and striking her, and that her sister, Mrs. Conover, was also unkind in her treatment of her. This poor girl accompanied the Doctor and his family down New York Bay in a yacht, where, on one occasion, she fell overboard, and was afterwards taken with a fever, and died. The Doctor buried her in the sand, and left her there till putrefaction had commenced, when he dug her up, put her into a coffin, and interred her in due form. The jury of inquest attributed her sudden death to the unkind treatment which she had received. It is a melancholy case of cruelty to an imbecile relative.

The latest arrival from California reports that new discoveries of placer claims and quartz veins are constantly being made in all parts of the mining regions. Agricultural prospects are good, and the crops of grain are being harvested in excellent condition in most of the counties, despite the unprecedented drought which has prevailed. Much attention has been paid to gardening in the interior counties, and already many of the mining precincts are supplied with fruit and vegetables, grown in the immediate vicinity. Peaches, pears, plums, apricots, apples, grapes, and berries, all of California growth, are to be had at reasonable rates. Serious damage had been done in Tuolumne County, by the bursting of the great reservoir of the Tuolumne County Water Company. The destruction of property on the river is immense—everything within reach of the resistless tide having been swept off, and ditches and claims being filled up. Sixteen men were also carried away.

The recent elections in the Southern States, and particularly in Kentucky, have shown beyond doubt that the Know-Nothing party is defunct. The good sense of the people has prevailed. The miserable sophisms with which disappointed office-seekers endeavored to impose on the country an anti-American policy, have been seen through, and the conspirators against the Constitution have had the mortification of witnessing the failure of all their political expectations. The Know-Nothing party did the Catholic Church no injury; on the contrary, it made her better known to the majority of our countrymen. Thus God always knows how to draw good out of evil, and to make the enemies of His Church the means of advancing her interests.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

A man who belongs in Deerfield, but who has of late been an attendant in the Insane Asylum at Hartford, Ct., was recently bitten on one of his arms, by a lunatic in that institution. Shortly after the occurrence the arm began to swell, and exhibited signs of being poisoned. Entertaining fears of losing the limb, he returned to his home in Deerfield, and is now receiving treatment for it. Some medical men with whom he has consulted are of the opinion that the virus from the lunatic's teeth was communicated into his system by the bite, and that he will eventually become mad.

At the late Kingston Circuit Court a singular case, *Roulston vs. Flewelling*, was tried, and the result will be a warning to the owners of those numberless, worthless, yelp-curs that infest most cities. Two women of the plaintiff's family were driving a horse, when a dog belonging to the defendant, rushing out in the usual way, frightened it and caused it to run off the road and break its leg. The action was brought to recover the value of the horse, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages \$22 10s.

Few of our readers have an adequate idea of the immense supply of berries furnished daily to the New York market at the present time. One locality, in Ocean County, New Jersey, alone furnishes some 500 bushels per day, averaging \$2 per bushel. Other localities furnish in nearly a similar proportion. From all sources in and around New York, it is not unreasonable to estimate the daily supply now received at 3,000 to 4,000 bushels, being an expenditure of \$6,000 to \$8,000 per day for berries alone.

Mrs. Catherine Richardson, wife of Judge Richardson and the mother-in-law of the Hon. Fernando Wood, died last week at Auburn. She had arrived at a good old age and was much esteemed and respected by the numerous acquaintances of the family.

E. L. Keyes of Dedham was the ex-Senator recently committed to the House of Correction at Cambridge, Mass., for improper conduct. He is now said to be insane, and will soon be sent to the Asylum at Taunton. Keyes is naturally an active and able man, superior to Banks, or Burlingame, or Wilson. Six years ago, and for many years previous, he was one of the most effective leaders of the Free Soil party of his State.

A Rev. Mr. Oldknow, in a pamphlet on the validity of Anglican Ordinations, gives a foolish story about Archbishops Purcell and Blanc having, on their way from New Orleans to Wheeling, taken part in a Protestant service performed by the Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut. Each of the distinguished Prelates has given this falsehood a flat denial. It is astonishing how drowning men will catch at straws.

The Paterson (N. J.) *Guardian* has the following: "Mrs. Moore died on Sabbath morning, of dysentery, aged 72. The neighbors congregated at the house, and were just carrying the corpse out of the door when Mr. Moore died of the same disease. Mr. Moore was aged 97, and he has always lived where they died. Mrs. Moore was his second wife. Both were buried within one grave and in one box."

Mr. Green and his wife, of Reading, Mass., are perhaps the oldest couple in the United States. Mr. Green is ninety-two years old, enjoys good health, and is able to make three pairs of shoes per day, and until the past winter he has cut his own wood. Mrs. Green is ninety-nine years old. Her health is very good, and she does the cooking, washing, ironing, etc., of the family.

One of the workmen engaged in boring an artesian well in Stryker, a village in Illinois, on the Air Line Railroad, found a pure diamond at a depth of about 100 feet. The diamond is of the size of an ordinary marble, and competent judges say it is worth at least \$2,000. The lucky finder is an honest Irishman named Michael Sheehan.

Mount Carmel Church, in Alexandria County, Va., about three miles from Georgetown, was pulled down recently by a mob. The ruins of the building have since been fired and entirely consumed. It was at this church the late unfortunate affair occurred, in which James Birch was shot by young Austin, the latter being a Sunday school teacher.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kimball, the eldest person in Wilkham, died on the 18th ult., at the age of 94 years. She saw the battle of Bunker Hill from a house-top in Charlestown, and also witnessed the battle of Lexington. She was wont to relate with accuracy many of the stirring incidents of the revolution, of which she was personally cognizant.

The *Cleveland Herald* announces the death of Mr. Richard Winslow in that city, on the 9th ult., aged 88 years. Mr. W. was well known to the commercial men of the country, as he was one of the oldest merchants in the West. He was a gentleman of the "old school," and an "honorable merchant."

General Scott has been sent for by the War Department, at Washington, to advise on the subject of reorganizing the military expedition recently dispatched to Utah. The discontent of officers, the desertion of privates, and the attacks of the Indians, made such a step necessary.

At a recent council of the chiefs and head men of the Creek Nation resolutions were unanimously adopted authorizing and commanding the National Light Horse to find out, and drive from the limits of the Creek County, everything that savored of Mormonism.

The estate known as the former residence of President Madison, has been sold to Mr. Thomas J. Carson, of New York, for the sum of \$37,250. The estate embraces 1,165 acres, and, therefore, realizes about \$32 per acre.

Hostilities have again broken out between the Sioux and the Chippewa Indians. The latter attacked a party of the Sioux near Sactoxiom, and took thirty scalps and retreated down Red river.

A gentleman advertising for a wife says: "It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of accident occurring to her companion."

A girl six years old went upon the roof of the old Merchants Hotel at Buffalo and tried to walk across the skylight, when she fell through, a distance of 45 feet; and though her skull was fractured she will probably recover.

It is said that Bunker Hill Monument may be seen on a clear day with a good glass from the top of Monadnock, in Jaffrey and Fitzwilliam, N. H., about eighty miles distant.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Star* announces the death of Margaret Pine, "the last slave" in New York State, on the 4th ult., at the age of seventy-nine.

It is said that the National Hotel, at Washington, which, as a public house, has been ruined by the disease which goes by its name, will be remodelled for a theatre.

A down east editor advises readers, if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

The Wisconsin Board of Education recently resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate 500 students three stories high.

Caleb Cushing has given five hundred volumes to the free city library of Newburyport.

The first play performed in America was Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, '57.

Of all countries that has hitherto existed, young men possess most power to do good or evil in this. It is very true, that according to a wise provision of the Constitution, no man under middle age can enter the United States Senate; but, socially, boys are considered men at 15, and are electors at 21. They usually learn the use of arms in infancy, and enter the militia before they are of age; they also earn money wages in towns and cities and act as financiers for themselves, at a time of life when, in countries less "fast," the youth are hardly admitted to dine with their seniors, and are generally sent to bed at sundown.

The morals of the society wherein youth attains such sudden power are, as yet, unfixed and very variable. Christianity is not yet socially established here; no living saint has been known to halo these coasts by his presence: we are invading the wilderness, as part of an army, containing every sect, which the schism of the 16th century begot; our allies are more various than the army of the Persian, they speak every tongue, they profess every creed, they bear aloft every banner, each proclaiming that its own formula is the only hope and only truth. Those who have religious unity, are, it appears to us, alone to be looked to, for the right discharge of the highest social duties.

Our young men are second to none in America in general intelligence, to which we think they add some virtues, not usually found in others of their age. They are often modest, usually candid, and by inheritance, unselfish. An American boy can keep his quarter, and conceal his antipathies much better than his Irish-American playmate. But we do not think the latter exceeds the other in reverence or obedience. On the contrary, an American child born and bred in the Catholic faith, would be, we apprehend, far more ductile, impressionable, and governable, than an Irish boy cradled in one of our cities, and accustomed to play in crowded streets. The reason is, perhaps, that the long oppressed Irish have lawlessness in the blood, and are orderly only by effort, while the free, yet complicated system of America gives a methodical disposition, to its native population, old and young. This is a distinction always to be remembered, in dealing with the two sets of character. We object to the present common system of education on many grounds, and may add this one to the rest, that it is quite too free and easy for Irish born boys. The principle of authority, the habits of discipline, instilled by the Christian Brothers are indispensable to make good young men, out of the impulsive, warm-blooded, and too often neglected, young city Celts, natives of America. The difference between those who have been taught under both systems, will soon be seen and felt, and then the last doubter, will endorse what we have here rather hinted, than developed.

We do not undertake to say whether the generation of Young Americans in 1857 are equal, superior, or inferior, to those who were young men, when Madison was President. Some who have observed both generations give the palm, for truth, candor, and nobility of soul to the former, and for "general intelligence" to the latter. This "general intelligence" so far as it means commercial and conversational accomplishments, is very valuable to a State, but the highest human intelligence without conscience, gives but a near approximation to the diabolical intelligences that people the Abyss. Lucifer once called "the morning star" who dared to debate eternal issues with an omniscient opponent, was one of the very highest intelligences. All the Websters that ever did live or will live, could never match him in eloquence, nor all the Byrons in poetry. But is he an intelligence to honor and obey? Surely, surely not. And what else is your

highly intelligent unprincipled man, but a second-hand Satan, or sort of plagiarism on the Prince of Darkness?

But we started to speak especially of young men. We desire to call attention to the little literary provision there is amongst us, for carrying them safely through that stage of life, which usually intervenes between leaving school and getting married. It is in those years they form their habits and associates, and fall away from, or stand by the faith and its friends. In this interval also the whole work of "forming opinions"—the most important duty of the modern man—is done after some fashion, well or ill. And herein it is that Catholic Institutes, Libraries, and Lectures, become of the utmost practical importance. To habitual Catholics, such appliances are unnecessary; it is to young, growing and unformed Irish American minds they are of most advantage. And if, oh parents! you cannot get your sons and daughters to relish such fountains of Catholic intelligence, be assured there is danger, sooner or later, of their apostacy.

Unless stayed and strengthened at that critical age, our young men will inevitably be carried away by the periodical floods and ebbs of what is called public opinion. This "public opinion" is coming to be considered as our "common law," as the author of all precedents, the source of all Traditions, the supreme governor of governors. It is part of us and we of it; it sits at our firesides, and meets us when we go abroad; it harangues in the Park, and it gives advice at Washington, in the President's closet. But it is as often in error as in the right, and the young man, to be fit to meet it and to confute it, must drink at the fountains of Catholic Thought. Considered in this way, as aids and helps in the cultivation of sound opinion, Catholic Libraries and Institutes are of the utmost importance to our young men. We trust they may be so looked upon, by the heads of the Catholic community throughout America, that they may in the coming year deserve still better than in the past, of both Church and State, and that their means of usefulness may multiply accordingly.

Nor let young men forget when contemplating the world before them that Intelligence guided and inspired by religion is the most glorious of all the visible works of God. Such, in the highest sense, were the Catholic Doctors, as St. Augustine and St. Thomas; such, in a less illustrious sense, are all good Christians, who make their education, whatever it is, subserve the glory of the Giver of all life and of every capacity. The deep sea in its reach and freshness, the summer sun in its majesty, are objects less glorious in themselves, than the beautiful Human intelligence vibrating like the lamp of the sanctuary to and fro through Time, always feeling and confessing the perpetual presence of God.

At the late excursion of Irish Catholics to Bang's Island, as we learn from the Portland (Me.) *Advertiser*, an accident of a very serious nature occurred. While Bishop Bacon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of this city, and their friends were landing at the Island, those who were previously on the shore gave them a salute with firearms; and in the firing, a gentleman from Boston not being careful of his aim, and having a loaded pistol, lodged a ball in the shoulder of Mr. Wheeler. The wounded clergyman was immediately brought to Portland, where surgical attendance was procured; and on complaint of some of his friends, two officers were despatched to the Island to arrest the stranger. On obtaining an interview, and learning the facts, the officers were satisfied that the shooting was wholly accidental; yet as the gentleman courted an investigation, he was taken into custody.

As no further news has reached us of this unfortunate affair we presume that the Boston gentleman has been discharged with a recommendation to avoid carrying loaded weapons in assemblies especially of a religious, or charitable, character.

THE Emperor Napoleon III. marches from acquisition to acquisition in the fields of diplomacy like a man who commands success, and he leads England by the nose as if he deserved it. He dictated the peace with Russia. In the Neapolitan affair Lord Clarendon stopped at his command. He settled the Neufchatel difficulty. And he has just taken advantage of his visit to Osborne to reverse England's pet policy in the matter of the Moldavian Elections.

In the presence of victories so momentous as these, but, especially in view of the last which points indubitably to a Napoleonic Dynasty for the Principalities, the London *Times* gets angry, and Lord Ellenborough becomes prophetic. The former believes that "the Emperor is a very good friend, indeed, but it seems to be on condition that he shall have his own way in everything," while Lord sees in the near distance the ever-to-be-dreaded bug-a-boo of a French invasion. "I recollect," says Lord E., "the noble viscount (Palm-erston), once saying we were joined with the Continent by a steam bridge; and this I know, that when great military Powers have likewise great naval establishments ready for instant action, have railways traversing their whole country, and have at the same time steam to propel their vessels, *Napoleon III. could do in one fortnight what it took Napoleon I. a year and a half to do.* The state of things, I say, is altogether changed. It is now a word and a blow; and before an answer could be obtained to the most civil and courteous diplomatic note, *a foreign army might be landed in this country. That ought not to be.* We ought to look at our real position, and *prepare for the changes which has been made in our circumstances.* We are in a much more difficult position for re-conquering than ever we were for acquiring India; and what I desire is that, while we are maintaining this great contest with all our strength, we should garrison our citadel at home and make it so secure against all possible attack that *it shall not occur to any nation jealous of our power abroad, jealous of our wealth at home, to interfere with us while we are engaged in vindicating our honor and attempting to regain an empire.*" Views like these receive all their present worth from the amount of fear and weakness which they disclose. They also show that to secure French preponderance over England in the future as the past, it only remained for Napoleon to assert that the Congress of Paris sits in permanence at Paris,—*which he has just done.*

THE *New York Times* in a rambling article on "Italy and her Saviors" comes to the sensible conclusion that if "Italy is to be saved at all, she must renounce Mazzini and the Mazzinists, at least until they come to her 'clothed and in their right minds.'" This would argue a state of advancement in the foreign politics department of our cotemporary, if we did not meet in another place a statement which evinces all the former recklessness of the *Times* on Italian affairs. "An enthusiast and fanatic, a very disastrous savior Mazzini is," adds our cotemporary, "but to connect his name with a stupid and infamous attempt at murder, is at once to outrage a character hitherto untarnished, and to trifle with the common sense of mankind."

Now, to our mind, there is nothing monstrous in connecting Mazzini's name with murder, or attempts at murder. He has been the murderer of all the innocent people killed in the different outbreaks in Italy in his time. He or his laid the different trains of local insurrection. He or his applied the match. Whoever fell, friend or foe, he was the cause. His business, in fact, is murder, or he has no business, and why should his name be disconnected from the attempted assassination of the French Emperor, more than from the thousand effected assassinations with which it is eternally linked? There is no reason that we know of so long as the letter seized in the French Post Office, stamped "Genoa," signed "Joseph," and addressed "Dear Massarenti," has not been proved a forgery.

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* * All Letters and Communications should be addressed to the "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William street, New York.

AN IRISH AMERICAN, New York, does not share in our high opinion of Irish scenery. We cannot help it. Thomas Davis wrote in '44 or '5 :

"Had a stronger desire come upon you to toll over the glacier, whose centre froze when Adam courted Eve, or walk amid the brigand passes of Italy or Spain — do not fancy that absolute size makes mountain grandeur, or romantic beauty. The Alps and the Pyrenees, with all their stupor, and only the mountain spirits walk the passes of Glenmalur and Barmore as deep as Chamouni, and Carn Tual and Silvera Downs are as near the lightning as Mount Blanc. In many of our mountains, the snow is so deep, and the cold so deep has no lake so dreamily beautiful as Killarney; no bays where the boldness of Norway unites with the coloring of Naples, as in Bantry; and you might count the world without finding cliffs so grand, and so high, and so rugged as the Glenties. As the Rhine, we doubt if its warmest admirers would exclude from rivalry the Nore and the Blackwater, if they had seen the tall cliffs, and twisted slopes, and the ruinous, and ruinous, and ruinous, and ruinous, and ruinous, through which you boat up from Youghal to Malin, or glide down from Thomestown to Waterford harbor. Hear what Ingis says of this Avondu: 'We have had descents of the Danube, and the Rhine, and the Nile, and the Nile, and the Nile, and the Nile, but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet, with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, *I think the descent of the Blackwater is the most sublime of all descents*.' And all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater from Cappoquin to Youghal would fill a long chapter. There is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the sublime, and the beautiful, and the sublime, and the sublime, with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses and beautiful villas, with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds.' And now, reader, if these things are not enough to tempt you, I will not doubt, between a summer in Ireland and one abroad, give your country 'the benefit of the doubt,' as the lawyers say, and boat on our lake or dive into our gulf and ruins, wonder at the basalt coast of Antrim, and the granite shore between the Mull of

Blackwater.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

When bluff King Hairy ruled the "Isle,"
 That Blue-Beard famed, of British story,
 Who heedless of Ann Bullen's smile,
 Craved off her head, and for monster gory!
 To Scotland's scepter, Ernie's crown,
 And Galla's throne the bold pretender,
 Who got—before he pulled it down—
 The title of "The Black and White Denier;"
 King Francis sat on Galla's throne,
 And Harry's men in thousands must'ring,
 Environ'd closely round Boulogne,
 Like bees around a clove had clust'ring.
 And by and by upon the town
 Like hail upon a house-top dashing,
 The sieg'ers' balls came thudd'ring down,
 Thro' Frenchmen's brains and roof-trees crashing
 Conspicuous on the opposing bank
 Were Irish Clans, with Poer and Skurlock,
 Who hurried o'er the Liemne's banks
 Like to a flame, with sword and firelock.
 At length by war and hymeneus
 Untenable the town was rendered,
 The garison marched out, and then
 The Craftsmen of the place surrend'rd.
 And soon upon the opening bank
 The Galle banners floated gaily,
 While cheerly from the serried ranks,
 Their drums and bugles sounded daily.
 One day, a gaudy and gay company
 On his gigantic steed relying,
 Challeng'd the Anglo-foemen all,
 Goshali like their best d-dying.
 And as the Colours, Nicholas named,
 Of the Clan Walsh, the Poer's benchman,
 Tho' not for strength or stature famed,
 Resolved to fight the giant Freuchman.
 As leaping thro' the Liemne's wave,
 Between his steed and the water bearing,
 Alone away o'er the benchman brave,
 And gained the shore the boaster nerving,
 Qu' er he roared out the braggart Gao,
Ye Cockle-shells, and *Ye Water Ravens*,
 And fast upon the champion lapt,
 His Claymore's edge like fire fell flancing.
 The Liemne forces gazing stood,
 Upon the combat, waiting dead,
 As Glave and Claymoree drew in blood,
 From gaping wounds, flash'd fast and redly.
 As length the treuchant Claymoree went
 Deep in the water, and the water went
 And on the ground his blood was spent,
 While o'er him stood Nick Walsh defend,
 Then severing from the Trunk its head,
 Again swam o'er the rushing water,
 Bearing away the trophy red
 Like Judith from Hof'sernes' slaughter.

Corpus Christi, Texas.

—According to the N. Y. *Tribune's* Montreal correspondent, Millard Fillmore was a devout attendant at Mass in the Cathedral, on Sunday, the 16th, and "occupied the prominent pew next to the altar." It may therefore be said of the ex-President that, notwithstanding his political associations, he sometimes contrives to get into good company.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A FAILURE
FOR THE TIME BEING.

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable broke on the 12th ult. At the time of the severance, (3 3-4 o'clock, morning,) 336 nautical or about 380 statute miles had been laid, at a distance of 260 or 280 miles in a direct course from Valentia. The wind was southerly, there was some sea, and the ship was going from three to four knots, and the cable paying out five to six, and sometimes seven knots. As the quantity of slack thus expended was greater than expected at starting, and more than could be afforded, the retard strain was therefore increased to a pressure of 3,000 pounds, and the cable broke.

The extra expenditure of slack commenced on Monday evening, when a strong breeze and heavy swell prevailed, and a powerful undercurrent were experienced. This current forced the wire from the ship at a considerable angle. When the break was applied with increased power, the stern of the Niagara was down in the trough of a sea, and the extra strain created by her rising was the immediate cause of the cable's parting. Blame who or what we will, man or the elements, the Atlantic Telegraph is a failure for the present. The *Tribune* says:

"A little more than a year ago the French attempted to unite the Island of Sardinia with their African possession by a submarine telegraph. The cable was at least ten times as strong as the Atlantic cable, and the sea not so deep. After running out the whole of it they found themselves thirty miles from shore. A small vessel was left holding the end, but a gale came up, the strong cable broke, and the whole failed. To avoid a similar action in the Atlantic, buoys furnished with an elastic attachment should be provided. They would sustain the end of the cable for any length of time in the middle of the Atlantic without straining it in the least. The ordinary process of laying the cable requires a concourse of happy circumstances, almost impossible, and is out of the question except towards the first of August. The plan we have described admits of laying it in foul weather equally as well as in fair."

Every fact developed by the first attempt at laying the cable only goes to prove the practicability of bringing the enterprise to a successful conclusion; and whether the undertaking be renewed this year or next, we may calculate on establishing a telegraphic connection between the Old and the New World. When we shall have a wire, *per force*, we will soon have a steam communication with Ireland.

EMIGRANTS AND THEIR CAUSE.—We notice with sincere pleasure that the daily press is still giving its attention to the subject of emigrant morals, and the better detection and punishment of those who tamper with them. The *Times*, of a few days ago, gave the details of a case in which the Commissioners of Emigration recovered from the Captain of the ship *Cambria* the fine incurred by not landing two female emigrants at the Castle Garden, and seasoned the facts with the salt of some very pertinent comments. The *Tribune*, the *Herald*, and nearly all our city exchanges, contained communications or articles on the same theme. Under these circumstances our ship-owners will soon see the necessity of procuring men of character for the responsible position of Master on board of emigrant vessels.

"IRISH POLITICS."—We detect in the natural quarter the incipient signs of a new effort to call into life the dead bones of the late Fillibuster. Societies improvised for a decent on Ireland. Surely our countrymen have been sufficiently swindled by these schemes to know their meaning, and to shun them as the shams of sharpers from whom neither honor nor good can come.

In the article, The Chinese "Barbarians," a most awkward typographical mistake occurred, where it said "No Chinese Johnson has been forced to write another Rabelais," &c. The great lexicographer's *Rasselas* was, of course, alluded to.

The *Metropolitan* for September is a good number, and promises, in its next, an Essay on the "Early Irish Catholics in the West Indies," which we will republish for the gratification of our readers as soon as received.

THE CATHOLIC BODY AND THE PRESS.

[From the Pittsburgh Catholic.]

As the Catholic Press is supposed to be the exponent of the opinion of the Catholic body, and as the latter is generally held responsible for the course pursued by the former, it is well to determine accurately what papers can be said to belong to it. It is manifest that the mere fact of the editor of a paper being a Catholic does not make it what is called a Catholic paper. There are Catholics who edit political journals, who do not pretend even when their sheets to be considered as belonging to the religious press. It might be said that a journal edited by a Catholic, devoted to the defence of Catholic interest, and supported by almost exclusively Catholic patronage, is entitled to be ranked among the constituents of the Catholic Press. Yet, we would call to mind that such a publication has no authority whatever as an exponent of the views of the Catholic body. It is a means of conveying to the world the personal opinions of its editor, or of those who write for it; but beyond that it is nobody's organ, nor is any one else responsible for its views or for the course it pursues. There are, however, in our country some papers more intimately allied to the Catholic body. Many Prelates have adopted them as their organs, and are generally supposed, at least on important questions, to watch over their course, and to prevent them from acting in an unbecoming or an injudicious manner. The amount of this direction may be greater or less in particular cases, but we believe that we have given an accurate explanation of the state of affairs in general.

We do not wish to put forth inviolable distinctions, or create unpleasant feelings. But we think it due to the Catholic body at large to proclaim that it is not to be held responsible for the course pursued by some papers, who have been perhaps cast aside by their Diocesan. More than one so-called Catholic paper has failed, generally because they refused to obey their Prelates. We are glad to see talented men coming forward to the defence of the Church and using the weapons of her adversaries to repel their attacks. But if they profess to represent the sentiments of the Catholic body, they should place themselves under the guidance and control of the directors of the same, viz., the Bishops. It argues ill for a Catholic paper that its leaders should have disagreed with their Prelate and thus forfeited his public approbation.

The above article from the *Catholic* expresses the general opinion of the Catholic body on the comparative responsibility of presses written in their interest, and it deserves to be circulated widely.

SEPOY "ATROCITIES."—In contradistinction to the Sepoy "atrocities" not fit, according to the London *Times*, to be breathed in whispers, read this account of Sepoy humanity and forbearance:

"The mutiny of the 22d Regiment beats any romance; they granted their officers and their bungalow after mutinying, placed sentries over magazines and all public property, sent out pickets to prevent the townspeople and servants from looting, held a council of war, in which the cavalry (Fisher's Irregular) proposed to kill the officers, but the 22d objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oude. Their officers asked for boats; the rebel Commissary-General, a Resalidar, was ordered to provide them. He did so, but merely small dingies, so that they could only bring away a bundle each, and then they were presented with 900 rs., which the rebels took from the treasure-chest to give them. When the officers tried to recall them to their duty, they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the Subahdar Major of the 22d Regiment had been appointed to the command of the station, and that each corps had appointed one of its officers to be their chief."

A remarkable circumstance in the present state of India is the close censorship under which all the newspapers, especially the native newspapers, have been placed. Several newspaper editors at Calcutta have already been prosecuted for alleged treasonable publications, or at least bound over in heavy recognizances to appear and stand their trial. Others have been let off with reprimands and a severe fright; and one or two have suspended their publications altogether.

The *Pennsylvanian*, the *Press*, and the *Washington States*, are not received regularly at this office. As they are all good papers we miss them, and make a note of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED BY STEAMER.

Just received by steamer from Europe, the following valuable and scarce works: The Speeches of O'Connell, Plunket, Sheil, Burke, Curran and Grattan; Abbe McCarthy's Sermons; Gother's Instruction; the Spouse of Christ, by St. Alphonsus Ligouri; Appleton's Analysis of the Gospels; Donovan's Catechism of the Council of Trent; the Boyne and Blackwater; Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent; Gahan's Sermons; Captain Rock in Rome; Revelations of Ireland; and a number of other rare and valuable works now out of print.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

Publishers and Importers,

164 William st., N. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

"MY TRIP TO FRANCE." By Rev. J. DONLAW.
New York: Dunigan & Bro.

The Rev. Author of this neatly brought out volume informs us in his Preface that "it has been a labor of love,—a work prompted mainly by the smiles of those whose happiness is dearer to him than any human consideration, and whose approval would more than counterbalance any opposition." Its merit lies in its general accuracy of historic detail, to which we have found only one exception, where the author makes Verger the Assassin of the Archbishop of Paris die without the Sacraments. Its greatest fault, apart from a repulsive sense of personality constantly obtruding on the reader, is its style, which is extatic beyond sufferance, and almost convinces us that Mr. Donlan learned his rhetoric on the back of a hippogriff.

TULLY'S COLUMBIAN SPELLING BOOK, in 3 Parts.
New York: P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway.

A much-needed book in our schools, where the Treatises on Orthography in use do more to confuse, than instruct, the learner.

RIVER'S MANUAL. Boston: Patrick Donohoe.
1857.

This is a new edition of this well-known and popular Manual. It appears to be brought out cheaply, and will, we suppose, sell accordingly.

SHAMROCK LEAVES. Boston: P. Donohoe.

The publisher learned our opinion of this work when it appeared in '54, and we regret that he insists on keeping it in the market. It is wholly unfit for circulation.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ROSARY AND OTHER
STORIES ON THE COMMANDMENTS. By AGNES
M. STEWART. Revised and enlarged by Rev.
JAMES FITTEN. Boston: P. Donohoe.

Miss Stewart's Tales need no encomiums with the young. These on the Commandments come, adapted to our climate by a well-skilled hand, and very tastefully published.

DEDICATION AT HUDSON, N. Y.

HUDSON, N. Y., August 26, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—Having been on a visit to Hudson for a short time, I took the opportunity, last Sunday, of witnessing the dedication of the new Catholic Church, under the patronage of St. Patrick, at Chatham-Four-Corners, New York. The Church is a very neat and substantial frame building, blocked, painted, and sanded, so as to give it the appearance of brown stone; it is 70 feet long by 40 feet wide, and is constructed in the Gothic style of architecture. With its tower and steeple, it forms a very beautiful edifice, and commands a most delightful prospect of the surrounding country. It was built by the Rev. James S. O'Sullivan, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Hudson, who celebrates Mass there every month; it truly reflects great credit on his untiring zeal and energy, and stands as a noble monument of the charity and faith which the members of the congregation have manifested in the service of God.

About 300 persons from Hudson availed themselves of the kindness of the President of the Chatham Railroad in allowing the use of the cars on Sunday so that the Church was literally thronged with a most respectable congregation of about 1,000 persons, who were desirous both of witnessing the ceremony of the dedication and of seeing their most worthy Bishop. To picture the delight of the parishioners on seeing him, for the first time, would be impossible. Previous to the dedication, however, about 150 children and adults received Holy Communion from the hands of their Pastor, and were, afterwards, confirmed by the Right Rev. Bishop, who, after explaining the nature and importance of the Sacraments, then delivered a most eloquent sermon, which was listened to with almost breathless attention by those present. He took his text from the 16th chapter of St. Mark, 16th and 16th verses. After Vespers, their beloved Bishop performed the ceremony of blessing the burying-ground, being assisted by the Pastor, Rev. James S. O'Sullivan, and the Rev. Mr. Roache, of Coxsackie. Indeed, altogether, it was a most holy and impressive sight, and will not soon be effaced from the minds of those who were assembled there.

In conclusion, I heartily congratulate the worthy Pastor on the success of the mission: the Catholics of Chatham have reason to be proud of him.

VIATOR.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the *TABLET* a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the *TABLET*, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply.
D. & J. SADLER & Co.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the *TABLET* against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery by adding their own initials. The Publishers of the *TABLET* have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The *TABLET* can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

Travelling Agents.

CANADA WEST.—Mr. P. Fahey is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the *TABLET* in Canada West.

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the *TABLET* in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the *TABLET*. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the *TABLET* in all the towns he may visit in Western New York. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the *TABLET* in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the *NEW YORK TABLET* in the Abingtons, Bridgewater, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

PATERSON, N. J.—Mr. Bernard O'Neil has consented to act as Agent for the *TABLET* in Paterson. He keeps on hand a good assortment of Catholic Books, Bibles, Pictures, &c. He has the *TABLET* for sale.

WHEELING, VA.—Mr. Peter Leather has consented to act as our Agent in Wheeling and vicinity.

We call the attention of our readers in Troy, Lansingburg and vicinity, to the advertisement of Roarke & Tighe, on our last page. They have just opened a new store at 10 1-2 King street, where the Catholics of Troy can always find a full assortment of Catholic publications and religious articles at New York prices. They are authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the *TABLET*. We are glad to see our friend Mr. Roarke succeeding in his business. His energy and perseverance deserve success, and we hope the Catholics of Troy will extend to him their patronage as he is certainly deserving of it. Remember the No. 10 1-2 King st.

Our readers will find on the 16th page, under the head of Education, a Card of the Academy of the Visitation B. V. M., Frederick City, Md. It is situated in a delightful position and in a healthy climate. Studies commence on the first Monday in September.

DIED.

FITEPATRICK.—In Washington, D. C., on Friday, 14th August, of disease of the heart, WILLIAM J. FITEPATRICK, aged 23 years, eldest son of John C. Fitepatrick, and son-in-law of Charles Toal, Esq., of this city. May he rest in peace. Amen.

RICHARD LION-HEART.

Oh Monk of the wilderness, blest is thy lot!
So spake the sweet voice of the Angel;
Thy penitent sorrow thy pardon hath wrought,
I bring thee the blessed Evangel.
In the dread Book of Life, on its pages of gold,
By the hand of the Highest thy name is enrolled
Next the name of King Richard of England.

"Be thanked, O thou glory-clad Angel of God,
For thy message of peace and of pardon;
Glad, glad will I pass through Death's gloomy abode,
Since the city of God is my garrison.
Yet my comrade, O Angel, amazes me sore,
For much hath he battled, and sinned even more,
The King of Old England, King Richard."

Yea, much hath he battled and sinned, I avow,
And the blood from his curial axe flowing
Hath cried unto Heaven for vengeance, ere now;
Yet rejoice that with thee he is going.
Much, much hath he done for the cause of the Lord,
And like thee he receiveth a glorious reward,
That King of Old England, King Richard.

There were many kings went to the Holy Land,
To win back the tomb of the Saviour;
But they shuddered with fear as they touched the hot
sand,
There showed they no gallant behavior.
When they saw how the hosts of the Saracen came
They would have shrunk back, but he hindered that
shame,
The King of Old England, King Richard.

He cried from the back of his charger, "What ho!
The day of our glory dawns o'er us;
Lo, there the vile Paynim! On brothers! One blow
And we sweep them like sheep from before us.
Ye have heavily sinned: would you lighten your load?
Strike in then with me: ye are striking for God!
For God and for Richard of England!"

Thou hast fasted and prayed; thou hast watched
the long night,
Hast besought the wronged Heaven on thy knee;
He hath done his devoir in the stormy fight,
And grace is for him as for thee.
Thy prayers and thy penance for thee shall avail;
He leaps into glory all sheathed in his mail,
The Lion-heart, Richard of England!

ANECDOTES OF JOHN BANIM.

I remember well the first public occasion I ever saw John Banim. I was sitting in the Killenny Citizens' Club room; I was disturbed by a bustling movement, a heavy step was audible advancing up the stairs: it was John Banim's man carrying him from his carriage and bearing him up to the green baize-covered sofa allotted to him in the best corner of the room. Members pulled their chairs aside, the fire was raked up into a better blaze, and men pressed officiously to bid him welcome. He was in the servant's arms, half-reclining, half sitting up, his arms round the man's neck so that his fingers were locked upon his shoulders; his legs hung down helplessly, and his emaciated frame told the sad story of paralytic wasting; his long and thin visage was made sadder still by the deep searing of small pox and by well defined traces of anxious and painful thoughts, but his eyes were most expressive, pale blue or gray, but large, prominent, broadly open, staring out of their sockets; they were full of meaning, and spoke to you before his lips moved. There was an energy of manner, a fiery gesticulation about him when he warmed with his subject or became excited in narrating some anecdote or reciting some piece of his own poetry, which he did in a most impassioned manner, and so as to impress himself with great power upon his auditory. His voice was deep and solemn, and his emphasis peculiarly impressive. Upon this occasion I heard him recite with deep pathos "Sogarth Aroon," and in a moment after heard him thunder out these lines written in reply to Wellington's threat of re-conquering Ireland, "The Brigand, let him come, let him come," which he delivered with great power and with an impressive fervor that shook his attenuated frame like so many electric shocks. At its conclusion, when the plaudits of a crowded room answered him, his pale face became fiery red and his eyes actually sparkled. It was upon that occasion that he narrated two anecdotes of his sojourn in France, which he visited just after the Revolution of 1830, and which event appeared to have awaked all his sympathies and aroused the full enthusiasm of his exquisitely poetic nature. Gen. Lafayette, then an old man, had waited upon him—the hero who had figured in three revolutions. Banim complimented him on that national guard in which he took such pride, and spoke of it as a grand new thought or suggestion to do away with the standing armies and make every citizen a soldier. "Sir," said Lafayette, "you as an Irishman may well refer to it with pride. We had the idea from you; the first national guard the world ever saw was the Irish Volunteers." "Oh," exclaimed Banim, when relating the anecdote to his fellow-townsmen, "it was the highest compliment ever paid to me as an Irishman." Then he told amongst other anecdotes of the three days' revolution, how an old Parisian friend of his had suspended in his parlor the musket he carried on that occasion, and with it a solitary cartridge remaining of the powder he had used at the barricades. "I asked him," said Banim, "to give me of that powder, thirty-two grains." "Thirty-two grains," said the Frenchman, "for what?" "To sow one grain in every county in Ireland," replied Banim. "My God! I would," said the Frenchman, "if I thought they would grow!"—*Dublin Celt*, No 1.

Within the last six months no fewer than 54 fishermen have been drowned in the Orkneys, chiefly by the capsizing of their boats.

ENGLAND AND THE EUROPEAN RED REPUBLICANS.

[From the Dublin Tablet.]

The trial of the conspirators against the life of the Emperor of the French, which took place at Paris on the 6th and 7th ult., terminating in their conviction on the clearest and most convincing evidence, and followed by the sentence of deportation on Tibaldi, and of fifteen years' imprisonment on Grilli and Bartolotti, has been reported and commented on by the London press in a way which strikingly contrasts with the importance of the occasion, and the practice usually followed. The impression made by the proceedings on the *Evening Star* is a feeling of indignation at the impropriety of opening letters in the post. A leading article on Monday says that by opening Joseph Mazzini's letter from Genoa to Mr. Salford in London, "the ruler of France has been guilty of a low dirty trick towards a private individual." And it calls for vengeance. "What is our Government about? What is our Parliament about?" * * * "Here is a case in which the national honor is directly concerned, when England is flatly insulted by a foreign potentate!" The *Times*, on Friday, sneered at the whole affair. Mazzini's letters, indeed, "require explanation." "But none of his plots have yet been tainted with attempts at regicide." "Without further evidence" the sceptical English nation will continue "to believe that Mazzini is a chimerical and mischievous charlatan, and that Grilli presents the not uncommon spectacle of a ruffian turned out a liar." On Tuesday, however, the aspect of things changes. The proof is assumed to be complete, and here is the comment:

"The upshot of this trial is simply that some cowardly enemies of the Emperor, who wanted to have him despatched with perfect safety to themselves, have been taken in most completely, and given their money to two very jolly fellows, who put it into their pockets, laughed at them heartily as soon as their backs were turned, and went to Paris to amuse themselves, and drink out their franc pieces, with about as much intention of killing the Emperor as they had of eating him."

And the article concludes with the good wish to the Emperor that all his enemies "may be made as great fools as the employers of Messrs. Grilli and Bartolotti." How is this revolting cynicism to be accounted for otherwise than by the feeling that the Government, the country and the character of the nation are so mixed up with these miscreants, the revolutionary plotters, the incendiary propagandists, the regicides, liberticides, and ruffians whom Whigs shelter, and whom "Liberals" support, that it is necessary to brazen out the case against them?

We give a sketch of the conspiracy, and of the evidence in support of it, that our readers may judge.

On the 13th of June, 1857, the authorities of the French Post Office at Paris, in virtue of a regular warrant, seized a letter stamped Genoa, June 10th, and addressed to Mr. Salford, London. It contained three documents; one is a letter, dated June 10th, beginning:

"DEAR MASSARENTI—I have read yours of the 6th. As to the two friends of Bol. and Fa. (Bologna and Faenza are understood to be meant), whose proposal you send me, the thing has become more important than ever. Almost all the question is there. But I cannot judge of them. You can. Do you know them well? Do you believe them capable and truly determined? In that case go to Camp. (Interpreted Campagna) and speak with him. I have charged and instructed him. Remember what I've told you about the method to be followed. Independent—two by two. 'Tis the only way. If our friend has left—that you know by the newspapers—it is useless both for them and for the two that I saw with you. If he comes back from the country, then, our two old friends also will want a little money, and for this you go to our friend of the brewery (Sir James Stanfield is said to be meant); he will give you some. I have given him orders. The two new ones must be economical. I should like to spend millions, but I can't. The expenses in Italy are incredible. Yours, JOSEPH."

The second, of the same date, is directed Camp. It is dated June 10th. It begins by speaking of a disappointment, &c., which the writer has just had sufficient to make him knock his head against a wall, and continues:

"Now, listen. Will you, in secret parley, here Massarenti on the Paris business? Know that it has become more than ever desirable and urgent. Two friends offer themselves, but the chief question is to know if he is acquainted with them, if he knows them well, and if he warrants them capable. In the affirmative case, if they require means of living for a month on the spot, if their demand is moderate, and if the conviction of Mass. is favorable; let him get, or let them get, passports (I can't trouble myself with that from here), and let them go. Enclosed is a token for Massarenti's known friend, who lives 122 Rue Menilmontant. There they will find the greater materials. There are two others, but my intention is that they act independently, two and two. I am doing the same thing from here. In case all goes well, ask money of James, whom I inform, and to him I send some. Massarenti (I think I must do him this justice from a long experience) is secrecy incarnate, and you must deal with him only. The thing is vital for the country, therefore I count on thee. Adieu, with a tempest in my soul, but thine ever, JOSEPH."

The third enclosure is directed to P. T. (Peblo Tibaldi) It says:

"The bearers are in all respects like the two you have. Treat them the same and without

reserve, but make them work independently. It is best for all. Yours, JOSEPH."

Accordingly, Tibaldi was arrested on the 13th of June. In his portfolio was found the address of Stanfield, the London brewer.

Two men under the names of Lazzari and Faro (the prisoners Bartolotti and Grilli) were seized the same day, residing under false names in the Rue St. Denis. Among Bartolotti's papers was found a letter received by him in York, and written from London, May 20th, 1857, signed J. Massarenti.

On June 14 daggers, pistols, caps and balls, &c., were seized at No. 122, where Tibaldi lived.

The prisoners were examined and denied their guilt. Bartolotti acknowledged that he came to Paris with Grilli with passports for Lazzari and Faro at the end of April. That Tibaldi had got them lodgings; that he had gone alone back to England, and returned to Paris in the beginning of June. The letter to him from Massarenti is as follows:

"LONDON, May 26th, 1857.

"DEAR BARTOLOTTI—Now we are in a pretty mess. At this moment I have just received a letter from the Old One, in which he speaks of us both, believing that you are still at your post; moreover, he will learn that you insist on remaining, and it is probable that he believes that the thing is done, as from the reports made to him, *Ce boulevard* from one moment to another will be going to the destined place. In this letter, which I've just received, he tells me that he hopes in your good will that you won't tire of this post; that, even if he be gone out, he will surely return. Now, then, he wants a reply. What have I to answer? *Cochon de Dieu!* If you had done as Paul has done, remained at your post, there would not be this bother to-day. Thou hast no more money; the other, perhaps, has some; but, even so, there is nothing in the way of reason that one can reply. At least, if it had been spent on the destined place, that would be nothing, for it was destined for that; but it was not destined *pouvaller a la promenade*. If he had no longer had any it would not have been amiss to write to me—me, who would have done my best to get you some, either to get you out of that, or to remain there. According to the orders I might have got I would have acted. I see well that thou art a little too *amoureux*, but when one belongs to interests of this kind one must forget everything. Meanwhile, I salute thee. Believe me, G. MASSARENTI."

It is said that the three first letters are in the handwriting of Mazzini. The further evidence against him is derived from the examinations, admissions, and denials of the three prisoners. Bartolotti, while he denied his guilt, admitted that in April, 1857, he was at York, recently discharged from the Italian Legion, and that Massarenti had sought him there, and had proposed to him an affair which would bring him in money; had brought him to London and introduced him to Mazzini. That a tall, stout Frenchman, wearing moustaches, was there, but left very soon, to whom Mazzini said, adieu, "Rou Rolline." That he never saw this Frenchman again. That Mazzini said the Emperor left the Tuileries every night in a low carriage to visit his mistress. That Mazzini told him to go to Paris, showed him Grilli, saying, "Here is your companion." That he told him to go to Paris, to assassinate him, if possible; if not to come back. Grilli says Massarenti had met him in London, in a beerhouse, had asked him to go to Paris to assassinate the Emperor. That he met Bartolotti, Mazzini, and Massarenti. That Mazzini had asked him if he was willing to assassinate the Emperor. Both declare that they were directed to 122 Rue Menilmontant, with a passport for Tibaldi. Both say they were told of a number 53 in a street which they forget. That Tibaldi took them to the Tuileries to a No. 53. Grilli had 50 napoleons for the deed. Bartolotti also. The latter adds, that when he asked Massarenti for money the latter answered that Ledru Rollin would give it to Mazzini, who would give it to Massarenti, who would give it to Bartolotti. The latter admits his having gone back to York, his receipt of Massarenti's letter, and his return to Paris, as well as his having written to a lady in York, on the 10th of June, that he would return to her if he survived. Both deny that they meant to kill the Emperor.

Tibaldi denies everything except an accidental acquaintance with Bartolotti and Grilli; he denies having taken them to No. 53 in a street near the Tuileries. He denies any knowledge of Mazzini or Massarenti.

Two intercepted letters are produced against him, one of which a Me. Girod swears to having written for him at his dictation:

"PARIS, June 4th, 1857.
"MY DEAR UNCLE—This is the third letter I write you without reply. One of your friends I have placed in one of the best houses for his condition; the other was gone. He returned according to your will. I will tell you that your sick man is no better. He comes here occasionally, and I think in this way it will be difficult to cure him. But we will neglect nothing to arrive at our end. P. T."

The following intercepted letter is from Massarenti to Tibaldi:

"LONDON, June 8th, 1857.

"DEAR TIBALDI—I have received your dear letter, which you begged me to give to your uncle. As your uncle is started for the business in Ireland I have sent it to him, and I think he will reply to you at once and directly. MASSARENTI."

The evidence of Me. Girod also clearly connects Tibaldi with the portmanteau containing the arms and the daggers of Grilli and Bartolotti.

It will be seen that, as regards Mazzini, Massarenti, Campanella, Tibaldi, Grilli, and Bartolotti, there is no possible theory consistent with their innocence, except the theory that the French police concocted and wrote all these letters, and forged all the examinations and depositions of the three prisoners, in accordance with the contents of the letters, and then prevailed on the three men to undergo deportation and imprisonment for the mere sake of making the story good, and blackening the character of the three conspirators in London. The direct evidence does not stand by itself; it is confirmed point by point, and more than confirmed by the correspondence. The correspondence is brought home to Mazzini, confirmed not only by the direct evidence and confessions of the prisoners, but by their proved acts, and by the stories which they first set up in their own defence while denying their crime. Of all the miserable attempts that were ever made to distract men from the simplest and most irresistible conclusions, the weakest and the most contemptible is the attempt to raise a cry of outraged nationality, and demand satisfaction from the Emperor of the French for the wrong done to England! England, which disgraces itself, and outrages mankind, by harboring and protecting these cowardly scheming assassins, who use the shelter it gives them to plot murder and to suborn regicides.

THE FIGHT ON DEVIL'S RIVER.

From the official report of Lient. John B. Hood of the 2d Cavalry we extract the following account of the late affair with the Indians on Devil's River:

"About one mile from the trail I discovered, some two miles and a half from me, on a ridge, some horses, and a large white flag waving. I crossed over to the ridge, supposing they were a party of Tonkawas, as instructions had been received at Fort Mason that a party of Tonkawas had gone for their families. I cautioned my men not to fire until I ordered it, my fighting force consisting of seventeen men. I advanced upon them about an hour by sun, with every precaution, ready to fight or talk. They were on a very small mound, but only some ten Indians in sight. I advanced, and some five of them came forward with a flag, and when my party were within some thirty paces they dropped the flag and set fire to a lot of rubbish they had collected, and about thirty rose up from among the Spanish bayonets, within ten paces of us, with about twelve rifles, and the rest with arrows; besides eight or ten attacked us mounted with lances and arrows. My men gave one yell and went right into their midst, and, fought hand to hand, the Indians, from their heavy fire, beating us back a little, until I rallied my men with their six-shooters. We being within four or five paces, our shots were so heavy that we drove them back. One of my men hung his rifle on the cantele of his saddle to use his six-shooter, and an Indian took it off. I forced them back until all the shots of my rifles and six-shooters were expended. I then found I could not reload, owing to their deadly fire. I fell back a short distance to do so. If I had had two six-shooters to a man, I could have killed and wounded nearly all of them. The Indians were then busy gathering up their dead and wounded, and leaving, weeping and moaning over their loss. In the engagement I killed nine and wounded ten or twelve. I regret to be compelled to report my loss, one man killed, one man missing, supposed to be killed, one man dangerously wounded, myself and three men severely wounded, one horse killed and three wounded. After the engagement I had but eleven men to protect my wounded men and horses. I then withdrew to water, which I found about 10 o'clock at night. I immediately sent an express to Lieut. Fink, 8th Infantry, commanding Camp Hudson, for a wagon to transport my wounded to his camp. So soon as my wounded were cared for, Lieut. Fink cheerfully joined me with fifteen men, and we proceeded to the place of action, to bury the dead and make search for the missing man, but no traces of him could be found. From this place the Indians had scattered in all directions. Owing to my small force, and the broken down condition of my horses, I was unable to make any further pursuit. From what my guides say, I suppose they were Comanches and Lipans; there were two chiefs—one was killed by my sergeant."

MADISON, THE CAPITAL OF WISCONSIN.—The city of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and seat of Justice of Dane, the largest and most productive county in the State, is situated on a rising ground, between two lovely lakes, and is the most magnificent site of any inland town in the United States. On the northwest is Lake Mendota, nine miles long and six wide; on the east Lake Monona, five miles long and three wide. The city is celebrated for the beauty, health, and pleasantness of its location; commanding, as it does, a view of nearly every characteristic of country peculiar to the West—the prairie, oak opening, mound, lake, and woodland. The surface of the ground is somewhat uneven, but in no place too abrupt for building purposes. The space between these lakes is a mile in width, rising gently as it leaves their banks to an altitude of about seventy feet, and is then alternately depressed and elevated, making the site of the city a series of gently undulating swells. On the most elevated ground is the State House, in the center of one of Nature's parks of fifteen acres, overlooking the "Four Lakes" and the surrounding city. From this the streets diverge in every direction.

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LEGENDS

AND

TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

THE INCURSIONS OF THE DANES AND THEIR DOMINION IN IRELAND.

It was near the close of the eighth century, about the year 795, that the Danish incursion into Ireland took place. Hugh the Sixth, son of that Niall who ended his peaceful reign in Iona, was in possession of the phantom monarchy of Ireland, and the provincial kings, with their countless tributaries were, as usual, engaged in sanguinary warfare one against the other. There was not in the whole of Ireland at that time one great military genius able or willing to unite the people or the princes in pursuit of any common object. The greatest captain of that age was undoubtedly Feidlim, king of Cashel, but he, with all his courage and martial skill, was not the man to create or foster national feeling, being solely engrossed with his own selfish interests and incapable of forming one high or generous purpose. The monarch himself was, like his father, of an easy and peaceable disposition, content to take things as he found them, and giving himself but little trouble about dangers from beyond sea so long as he could keep his crown on his head, and safe from the hands of his ambitious tributaries.

Such, then, was the political aspect of Ireland at the time when the northern hordes commonly known in our traditional history as Danes* made their first incursion into Ireland. The terror of their name had reached there years before, owing to their ravages on the coasts of Britain, and in the neighboring island of Iona. A short time before their first visit to Ireland, these terrible pirates had ravaged that sacred isle, sparing in their savage fury neither sex nor age and exercising their utmost cruelty on the unoffending monks, the greater number of whom they put to the sword, and despoiled the Abbey of all its treasures.

Just when the news of these events had begun to fade from the minds of the Irish princes, occupied as they were with their own private interests, the tidings of the plunder of Rathlin burst upon the nation like a whirlwind. Terror and consternation flew like wildfire through the country, for no man knew where the next attack would be made. The fierce Vi-Kings were in possession of the seas, their fleets commanded all the coasts of Europe and her islands, they were known to cherish a peculiar hatred of Christianity, and to wreak their direst vengeance on the servants of Holy Church—what then had Ireland to expect at their hands?—Ireland, the most Christian country of Europe—Ireland, so thickly studded with richly-endowed monasteries and stately churches—Ireland, the lovely isle of the ocean, presenting to the invaders one continued sea-board, while the fame of her wealth attracted their cupidity!

Fear overspread the land, but resolution came not with it. Had the kings and princes even banded their forces together, not all the power of the northmen could have obtained for them a footing in Ireland. But even then the evil genius of the country prevailed, and though prodigies of valor were performed by many of the native princes, in defence of their territories, and many a noble struggle maintained in various parts against the ruthless pagans, still there was no unity of action, and individual valor, or local resistance could do but little in repelling the swarms who in rapid succession landed on the Irish coasts.

About two years after the burning and devastation of the island of Rathlin the Danes landed again on the western coast of Munster. Immediately, Art, the reigning king of that province, gathered what troops he could on so short a notice, and advancing to meet the invading foe, a battle ensued, in which the foreigners were defeated with much slaughter, and, but for the approach of night, could not have regained their ships, so closely were they pressed by the victorious Celts.

Six years had passed away after this severe repulse and the country was again lulled into false security when a fresh swarm of the White

Strangers*—the Fion-Loch-Lannies, appeared on the coast of Munster, threatening destruction to the whole province. Landing without opposition, they sacked and burned all before them, especially the churches and sacred shrines. Feidlim was then King of Munster, and a martial prince he was. Assembling his vassals he boldly marched against the Danes, and, after a long and bloody conflict, put them to flight, driving them for shelter to their ships. This was the second time that the blood-stained banner of the Northmen went down before the princes of the land.

But alas! the northern hive was constantly pouring forth its swarms. War and rapine, conquest and invasion were the trade of the ferocious Norsemen, and the gorgeous shrines and vast treasures of the Irish Church once discovered were too rich a mine to be left unworked by a people whose hatred of everything Christian was only equalled by their love of plunder. A short time after their defeat by Feidlim, they made a descent on the coast of Ulster, ravaged the country far and near, nor stopped till they reached the famous Abbey of Bangor, in the county Down, where a rich booty awaited them in the magnificent shrine of St. Comgall, the founder of that great Abbey.

It was a grievous day for Ulster when the White Infidels made their way to Bangor. According to their usual custom, they not only possessed themselves of everything valuable, but destroyed and mutilated every work of art on which they could lay their hands, and finally inundated the holy place with the blood of its defenceless inmates. Nine hundred of the monks of Bangor, with the venerable Abbot, fell victims on that day to the sacrilegious fury of the Norsemen.† Drunk with blood and emboldened by success, the barbarians were rushing on in quest of other spoils, when on a sudden their course was obstructed by Murdoch, King of Ulster, at the head of a strong force. The Northmen fought with their usual ferocity and desperation, but the brave Ulsterians, inspired by faith, and panting to avenge their slaughtered priests, made so noble a stand in defence of their altars and their homes that their formidable foe was completely routed, and pursued with great slaughter to the shore, whence they gained their ships in shattered plight and with numbers much reduced.

Still another signal overthrow awaited the invaders on Irish ground. About the year 812, when Oleubas, a Eugenician prince, reigned in Munster, the barbarians landed at Waterford, ravaging the city and its environs with even more than their usual cruelty. Many churches and convents had they despoiled and many an altar-step had they deluged with the blood of God's faithful servants when in the plenitude of their sanguinary triumph they reached the magnificent Abbey of Lismore, whose University was then, and had been for many ages, famous throughout Europe. Here they had a rich mine of plunder, and to work they went to make the most of it. Having secured what gold and silver and precious stones they could, they next proceeded to destroy the library, then one of the most valuable in Europe, and finally burned to the ground, the Abbey, the churches, the colleges, and, in short, the whole city which had sprung up in the lapse of ages around the great Abbey. But as before at Bangor, this ended for the time their depredations, for the brave Mamoniens rose in their might to avenge the wrongs of the Church, and attacking the Danes in the Country of the Decies in Waterford, slew twelve hundred of their number together with two of their chiefs. These repeated repulses by no means disconcerted the indomitable Northmen. On the contrary, the more they saw of Ireland, the stronger grew their determination to possess the land at any cost. No sooner did one horde return defeated to their far northern homes than another, excited by the glowing accounts of the splendid churches and Abbeys of Ireland, and her fair and fertile plains, turned their galley's prow to the smiling Eden of the western waters. Vainly did the local chiefs and princes resist and repel many successive attempts: defeated and driven out in one place, the unconquerable Norsemen landed on another part of the island, spreading terror and destruction wherever they went, and openly avowing their insatiable hatred of Christianity. Wherever a building was marked with the sacred sign of salvation, wherever an image of Christ or

His Mother or His Saints was seen, there did the fiendish impiety of the pagans wreak its deadliest vengeance, there did man, woman and child undergo the most cruel death that malice could devise, or cruelty execute.

In the course of a few years the foreigners had succeeded in establishing themselves in various parts of the kingdom, ruling as lords over the unhappy natives, and possessing themselves of all the best productions of the country, to the utter ruin of the inhabitants. On many a place that had been holy the black flag of the Danes, with its ill-omened raven, was seen to wave, and the bacchanalian yells of the savage conquerors awoke the echoes where hymns and psalmody had of late resounded. It was a dreary time in Ireland, but the worst had not yet arrived. The Vi-Kings were, as yet, but detached parties under separate and independent chiefs stationed here and there, wherever chance had led them, and each holding what they could of the soil of Ireland, without any controlling power or centre of unity amongst themselves. It would have been comparatively easy to drive them out had this state of things continued, but unhappily such was not the case.

It was during this dark phase of Irish history that King Hugh paid the debt of nature and was succeeded by Connor in the sovereignty of Ireland. Early in the reign of this monarch, a large body of Danes landed at Cork and set fire to that city with its cathedral church founded by St. Finbar. Here, too, however, they were defeated with great slaughter, the people rising as one man in defence of St. Finbar's shrine or rather to avenge its spoliation and destruction. But why enumerate all the robberies and massacres perpetrated by these barbarians during those dismal years. Suffice it to say that there was hardly a religious house of any note all the country over, or a shrine famous for its splendor, which was not at one time or another plundered by the foreigners. Nay, it often happened that the same church or abbey was sacked, several times, and we cannot help wondering at the generous piety which prompted our fathers to renovate these seats of learning and religion as often as it pleased the Danes to spoil and deface them. Ground down as they were under the iron heel of the Northman, it is matter of surprise to our colder and more calculating age how they contrived to re-construct their churches and religious houses and to re-embellish the shrines of their Saints with much of their pristine splendor, in the face of the robber strangers, and with every probability of having to renew their work year after year. Alas! those churches and those sacred shrines were then, as at many another dark epoch, their only comfort and their only pride. Well may we their children boast of our decent from men who upheld the Cross in the face of every danger and clung to it through every species of suffering, whether inflicted by pagan Dane or by other oppressors calling themselves Christian. They were a noble race—these Celtic fathers of ours—noble in courage, noble in endurance, and, above all, noble in their inviolable fidelity to God and his Saints, "through ages of bondage and slaughter," when Christianity lay trampled beneath the hoof of the northern war-horse.

—In our next, ST. FECHIN AND THE ISLANDERS OF LEMAY.

THE STORY OF A PEBBLE.—Some sixty years ago, a young actor at Munich so utterly failed in his performance as to be peremptorily dismissed by the enraged manager, whose comedy he had marred, if not absolutely endangered. And well might he be sad: for, to add to his disappointment, in a wretched garret lay his father's corpse; his widowed mother looked to him as her only stay; and a group of little brothers and sisters depended on him for their daily bread. With indescribable grief, therefore, and a few sorry crowns in his pocket, he left the theatre, bought food for the hungry family, and ordered a coffin for the departed. That night he watched by the side of his father's remains; in the morning he followed them to the grave; and then, wandering on the banks of the neighboring river, thought for an instant of throwing himself in; but shuddering at the crime to which he was tempted, he knelt down to ask forgiveness of God; and, at last, absolutely worn out, he sank down on the grass to sleep. As he awoke with the rays of the morning sun, and amidst the merry chirping of birds, he felt refreshed and thankful that he was still alive, and now resolved to return to the city. But a pebble caught his eye; it was white; for it was chalk-stone, and on it was an exquisite tracing of some little creature. As he brooded over it with profound attention, a thought struck him; others succeeded; experiments followed; he saw at length the possibility of engraving on stone, and obtained therefrom some beautiful impressions. That young man was, in fact, Aloise Senefelder, and that white pebble was the cradle of the art of lithography.

DEPARTURE OF FATHER SENEZ—A JUST TRIBUTE.

(From the Paterson Daily Guardian.)

This estimable man has left the field of his recent labors, and amid the tears of his city departed. Father Senez came to this city four years since, and has greatly endeared himself to the people of his charge and merited the universal respect he received from all the members of other denominations with whom he became familiar. His ready adaptation of the English tongue and the easy flow of his ideas presented him as a remarkable man. He was born in France and has been ten years in this country. With a small income from his native land, he managed to get along without the luxuries he might have purchased with his almost untouched salary.

The Catholic Church in this place is the wealthiest church in our city, its annual income exceeding ten thousand dollars. The salary of Father Senez has only been six hundred per year; yet during the four years he has drawn only \$600, leaving \$1,800 due him in the treasury. Last Sunday he visited Lodi, where the church is very poor, and gave them \$1,000, freeing them from all debt and filling the hearts of the congregation with gratitude at his unexpected munificence.

The fact of his going away was carefully kept from the congregation, and only on last Sabbath evening was his approaching separation from his people referred to, when a mournful wail was heard through the densely-crowded church. The first sudden intimation of the departure of the good father was painful to contemplate and hardly to be realized. After the congregation was dismissed groups convened in front of the edifice, hardly willing to believe they had heard aright. Owing to the crowd of people who were anxiously visiting the Father with various inquiries and to prevent a demonstration, the time of his departure was kept secret. Yet we learn that he left on Tuesday, in the twelve o'clock train at noon. He will be located at the Cathedral in Cincinnati for the present. Previous to leaving this place, he ordered that the \$600 due for his last year's salary be donated to the church for charitable purposes.

Thus departs a good man, who has not been the comrade of the wealthy, but a friend to the poor. How many hovels of wretchedness has he visited, giving bread to the hungry and clothes to the destitute? How many orphans has he rescued from starvation and infamy, and nurtured with a fondness as great as that of a mother, providing for their wants, and for the establishment of an asylum? His universal benevolence and other good qualities point him out as an extraordinary star in the ecclesiastical firmament. It is almost the first case of which we ever heard where a minister refused to receive from a wealthy church three years' salary out of four. We hope yet to hear of a Bishop Senez. Father Senez was held in estimation by the Protestant clergy to an unusual degree. Not one of them but acknowledges his excellencies and regrets his departure. Indeed the regret of every reader of our journal will be felt to know that Father Senez has left us.

GENERAL HARNEY.—In personal appearance Gen. Harney is impressive. He is considerably over six feet tall, and is large boned and muscular. His hair was red, but is now thickly mixed with white. He wears it short, and begins to be bald on the crown of his head. His moustaches and beard are nearly white, and are also thick and clipped short. His eyes are blue, and dull, for he uses spectacles. In younger years, he must have been a model of physical strength and vigor, but he now looks older than he really is, for his age, I believe, does not exceed fifty-five. While in St. Louis, I heard an anecdote illustrative of his character, which I have never seen in print. Being in New York many years ago, he passed a store in one of the principal streets, in which an auctioneer was soliciting bids for an engraving of Gen. Jackson. Both the seller and the crowd were no political friends of the subject of the picture, and were ridiculing it in every possible manner. "How much am I offered for the hero of New Orleans?" cried the man on the stand. "Only half a cent? Why, he's worth a cent surely, after robbing a bank. Make it a cent, won't you, gentlemen? Now, then, how much am I offered?" "One hundred dollars," said a voice emphatically. As Colonel Harney entered the door; "one hundred dollars, sir," he repeated, making his way through the crowd, half a head taller than any other man in the room. The auctioneer, naturally astonished, inquired if the gentleman was in earnest, and started again on his witticisms. "Sir, I am in earnest, and I claim my bid," interrupted the colonel, "and if no one bids more, I claim the picture." No one bidding more, he handed the auctioneer the money and his address. "And now, sir," he remarked, seizing him by the collar and dragging him to the floor, "I claim the privilege of applying the bastinado to your body for damnable impertinence." And having caned him to his satisfaction, no one in the crowd venturing to interfere, he strode out of the store and continued his walk down the street.

The original manuscript of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," in the autograph of Sir Walter Scott, was sold at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson lately, and was knocked down after some competition for £50, being £8 more than it produced when Sir Walter's manuscripts were sold by auction August, 1851.

* Although these Northmen are generally designated Danes they were in reality from all the northern kingdoms of Europe—Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Many of them came, too, from the northern parts of Germany.

* The men of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway were so called by the Irish, on account of the color of their hair and their fair complexions, while the German pirates were distinguished as the Black Strangers, from the dark color of their hair.

† The Abbey of Bangor then contained about three thousand monks.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

India.—*Interesting Despatch.*—The Forces before Delhi.—*Services of the Insurgents.*—The Sepoys not to black as they are painted.—China.—The Principality.—The Government "backs down."—Departure of the Emperor and Empress of the French.—The Oath's Bill.—The Matrimonial Clauses Bill.—No Chapel in Paris.—The Drogheda and Dublin Election Committee.—The Atlantic Telegraph.—Projected Pilgrimage to Notre Dame of Boulogne sur Mer.—The Right Rev. Archbishop of Marseille at Leeds.—Address presented to his Grace by the Parishioners of St. Mary's.

LONDON, 14th August, 1857.

I am obliged to commence the present letter in about the same terms as its predecessor, and it would seem as if the announcement, *Delhi is not taken*, might be stereotyped to save trouble. Instead of the pleasant news your English cotemporaries expected—or feigned to expect—we have the announcement that on the 27th of June the stronghold of the insurgents was still unattacked by the English forces, and moreover that the area of the insurrection was considerably extended. The troops had revolted at Fyzabad, Seetapore, Jangore, Moradhabad, Mhow, Indore, Futtyghur, Nowgong and Banda. Mr. Consul Green's despatch from Alexandria, dated August 7th, contains a curious statement which may be some consolation to persons possessing a wealth of hope or a large stock of philosophy. The sapient consul informs us that "we have seen the worst of it, as there are no more regiments to mutiny except those of Madras and Bombay, the fidelity of which there is no reason to suspect." So when a man has been hanged he may be said "to have seen the worst of it," as he has no more lives to lose. Mr. Green's despatch reminds me of the refrain of one of Beranger's gay songs, in which the poet says that he who has got nothing cannot lose his property.

Gen. Barnard's force is said to be 13,000 strong, and is composed of about 8,000 Europeans and 5,000 natives. The reason of delaying the attack is evidently the large proportion of natives, in whom the confidence of the General is evidently but partial. The native forces are engaged in contemplating Delhi an occupation, the monotony of which is occasionally relieved by sorties of the insurgents, who, according to the accounts we receive, are always driven into the city with very great loss. But it is astonishing that instead of wasting the energies of his troops in driving them in, the General does not make a vigorous effort to drive them out. We have, of course, but one side of the story with regard to those encounters before the city; it would be interesting to have the Sepoy version of them. You remember a certain lion, in fable, who seeing men regarding with wonderful pride a picture of an immense lion mastered by a single man, said to the spectators: "I see that they have given you the victory here—but with more justice would we have the upper hand if my brother lions were painters."

It is certain, at any rate, that the natives do not receive all the hard knocks, for, on the 19th June, the Musserabad insurgents, with a certain amount of artillery, got into the rear of the English position, and opening a vigorous and well-kept up fire, threw their enemy into the greatest confusion. The loss on both sides is reported in letters from the Delhi camp to have been very severe. The English lost Colonel Yule of the 9th Lancers and other officers; Colonel Becher, Quartermaster General, and a number of others were wounded.

In the reports of the recent risings at the various points I have above enumerated, private letters and other accounts contain statements which compare curiously with the recitals of horrible outrages committed by the Sepoys, received by the preceding mail. At Fyzabad no violence was offered to the officers; they were quietly allowed to escape in boats. Some of them were taken prisoners when they were about ten miles from Fyzabad, and brought before the Subahdar commanding the rebels. The Subahdar appealed to the Mahometans on the Koran and to the Hindoos on their sacred symbols, not to injure the captives, and told the latter to go their way. At Banda the Nawab prevented the insurgents from killing the officers and enabled these to escape. Our journals here are astounded at this "strange" moderation.

The news from China is completely null, and I have but to record the non-arrival of Lord Elgin on the 24th June.

Our government, for reasons best known to itself, though by no means completely ignored by the public generally, has "knuckled" down to France in the affair of the Principality, and all Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's blustering and brow-beating diplomacy goes for nothing. The

government has become wonderfully clear-sighted in a very great hurry, and now recognizes that there has been very great irregularity in the elections in Moldavia, and intends recommending the Sultan to annul them. The sudden falling of the film that obscured the governmental eyes is attributed to the visit of Napoleon III., who is said to have brought to Osborne most miraculous optical instruments for eye-opening purposes. The report that Lord de Redcliffe is about quitting Constantinople for London on leave of absence, seems entitled to a certain share of credence.

The Emperor and Empress left Osborne on Monday for Havre. Their departure was altogether private. The Queen and Prince Consort went on board the Imperial Yacht and were exceedingly affectionate in taking leave of the Imperial couple. They even accompanied the *Reine Hortense* a portion of the way, on board the *Fairy*. In the presence of all those flattering civilities we must conclude that the *entente* is still decidedly *cordiale*.

The Oath's bill has gone by the board for the present Session at least. Lord John announced, in the House, on Monday, that he did not intend going on with it at such a late period, and moved that the order be discharged. His Lordship gave notice, however, that he would bring it forward in the early part of the next session.

What with cutting out and putting in, piecing and patching, additions to and takings from, the Matrimonial Clauses bill promises to be an unique piece of patchwork legislation. It is being twisted and turned upside down and downside up until nobody can make either head or tail of it. After a few more kneadings, I doubt if its fathers, however wise they may be, will know their own child. The bill is being metamorphosed by the slow process, three lines generally bringing about a discussion of ten hours. This does not frighten Lord Palmerston, however; his Lordship announced yesterday that government intended sitting night and day until the bill was passed. I hope the government has laid in a large stock of patience.

The vote of £10,500 to build a chapel for the use of the pious British residents in Paris has been negatived by a majority of 88 against the government.

The Drogheda Election Committee has reported and declared Mr. Macann duly elected. The Dublin Committee has also ratified the return of Messrs. Vance and Grogan.

A despatch from Valencia received yesterday announcing the return of the *Cyclops*, bringing the news that the Atlantic Telegraph has been injured, and about three hundred miles of it is lost for the present, the greater part of which it is hoped, nevertheless, will be recovered.

A meeting of Catholics was held on Wednesday evening in Duke street, Manchester Square, for the purpose of organizing a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Boulogne sur Mer. The Southwestern Railway Company have offered, it is said to do all in their power to facilitate the execution of this pious project. His Holiness the Pope has granted to the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de Boulogne sur Mer, the Pilgrimage indulgences of Loretto.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Marseilles celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and conferred the Sacrament of Holy Orders on the Rev. Messrs. Ryan, Guillard, Ellard and Ring, on Sunday last, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Leeds. The parishioners of St. Mary's on the following day presented an address to the Very Rev. Bishop, expressing their gratitude to his Grace for having undertaken a long journey to assist at the opening of their Church, and not only for the encouragement and gratification afforded by His Grace's personal presence but for an amount of pecuniary aid which the most enlightened Christian liberality alone could have dictated. His Grace made a feeling reply to the deputation. Monseigneur Searle has left for Marseilles. During his stay he visited the different houses of his order (the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate) at Dublin, Gallashiels, Liverpool and Ticking Hall.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—We have news from Europe to the 19th of August by the *Atlantic* which arrived at this port on Sunday last. There is nothing important. No steps had been taken in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph. A meeting of the Directors was to come off on the day the steamer left. Nothing new from India. The French Emperor had pardoned a number of prisoners,

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

England's Eastern policy.—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.—Energetic Action of the Representatives of the Four Powers.—The Situation—Probable consequences and possible solutions.—What the Conservatism says.—The English Government gives in.—Will the alliance last?—Return of their Imperial Majesties.—Sentence of the Italian conspirators.—The Northern Railway Embarrassment.—Naples.—The Consistory at Bologna.—The Pope at the tomb of Dante.—Burning of a new Church and Organ at Amiens.—Noble conduct of a Soldier.—Reception of the Marquis d'Isard de Vauvenargues' daughter.—Death of the Superior General of the Sisters of the C. D.

PARIS, 18th August, 1857.

England seems to have been trying to revenge the humiliating position occupied by her during the warlike operations in the Crimea, when her weakness astonished the world, by endeavoring by diplomatic ruse and insolent dictation to destroy or at least to lessen the influence of France in the Orient. She wished to show the world that notwithstanding the terrible reverses she has suffered, notwithstanding the utter destruction of her military prestige, she still possesses a paramount influence in Turkey,—that notwithstanding the terrible display of her martial impotency, her representative at Constantinople was still all powerful in the Councils of the Sultan's Ministers.

I wrote you in my last of the downfall of the Reschid Pacha ministry, which was considered by the Porte as a sort of half measure calculated to satisfy the representatives of the four Powers, who proclaim the illegality of the Moldavian elections. Our minister, M. de Thouvenel, with those of Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia, demanded that the question should be brought before the European Commission at Bucharest. The Porte was disposed to accord this demand, but the omni-puissant Lord Stratford de Redcliffe signified to the Sultan that his (Lord Redcliffe's) government could not entertain such a measure, and the demand was refused. M. de Thouvenel and the representatives of the other three powers immediately took down their flags and ceased diplomatic relations with the Porte. This is the exact position of the difficulty at present. Now for the conjectures as to the extent of its consequences and the means and likelihood of its solution.

It is agreed upon by all, that a war cannot result from this complication and it is confidently believed that England will give way and leave her dear friend and ally, Austria, to take care of herself. You know that the English government has no compunction at "cutting" its friends, when its interests require such an operation. Now England has need of France and receives no small share of moral influence from the French alliance. It is not at this moment when she is at loggerheads with China, when her Indian Empire is slipping from her hands, and the other nations look on, as the *Times* confesses, with a feeling of satisfaction, that England can afford to break off with France. A concession may therefore be expected on her part. In fact, the last news we have of affairs at Constantinople, and which comes to us, not from Constantinople, but from Osborne, support that idea. It would seem that the Emperor's visit to the Queen has brought about this result, and that the question is to be decided conformably to the demands of France, Russia, Prussia and Sardinia. The *Constitutionnel* gives us this information, and further states that the English Government having adopted the opinions of the four powers would advise the Porte to regard the Moldavian elections as null and void. The next thing is to know the intentions of Turkey and Austria, but it is not to be supposed that they will persist in opposing the desires of the other five powers, and even should Austria still remain in opposition, there is not much probability of a refusal on the part of the Porte. The elections annulled, the electoral lists are to be revised and drawn up according to the rules followed at Bucharest. An interval of one month to receive the complaints of those voters who may not be placed on the lists will be allowed before the publication of the latter.

A telegraphic despatch from Constantinople brings the news that the four ambassadors who were to have left that city on Tuesday last had deferred their departure, and another received from London since I commenced my letter, brings official confirmation of the arrangement concluded at Osborne. In the House of Commons, in reply to a question from Mr. Disraeli on the question of the Principality, Lord Palmerston gave an explanation which was in accordance with the information given above. The English Prime Minister seems satisfied the concession made by England will bring about, as a necessary consequence, the submission of Austria and Turkey.

The alliance, therefore, is safe for the present. But I doubt its long continuance. A lengthened alliance between France and England is impossible, and I have repeated it over and over. An alliance between a chivalrous and generous nation like France, and a selfish and illiberal one like England cannot last long. Sincere and stable alliances can only exist on principles of truth and justice. Can France long remain the ally of a power who opposes true human progress from purely selfish motives, and avows it unblushingly, as in the affair of the Suez Canal, and who every where fanned the fires of revolution in order to profit by the disorder, and flinch naval positions from all the countries of the globe?

The Emperor and Empress have returned from their visit to Queen Victoria. Their Majesties left Havre for Rouen the day before yesterday, and after visiting the manufactories, public buildings, &c., of the latter city, set out for Paris at four o'clock, and arrived at Saint Cloud at eight in the evening. The Emperor's fete takes place to-morrow; a credit of 250,000 fr. has been opened for the expenses of the celebration.

The result of the trial of Tibaldi, Grilli and Bartolotti, accused of conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, is the condemnation of Tibaldi to deportation, and of the others to fifteen years' imprisonment. They have made no appeal against the decision.

Carpentier, Grellet and the Northern Railway embezzlers whose extradition occasioned such extraordinary scenes in your New York Courts of Justice, have been sent to the Assize Court of the Seine. The trial will probably commence towards the latter part of the present month.

A letter from Naples, dated 3rd August, announces that King Ferdinand has commuted the sentence of death pronounced against Nicotera, Pisacane's lieutenant, to imprisonment for life. In Spain the arrests have ceased. The Pope's Nuncio had left Madrid for Bologna.

I already informed you that a secret consistory was to be held in that city. The *Tuscan Monitor* of the 5th current, states that by that consistory, Monseigneur Lyonnet, the venerable bishop of St. Flour, has been transferred to the diocese of Valence. The Abbe de Pourpignac, canon of the Cathedral of Saint Flour, will succeed Mgr. Lyonnet.

During his sojourn in Ravenna, His Holiness Pius the Ninth visited the Mausoleum of Dante. In order to satisfy the desire that the local authorities expressed of seeing his august name on the book in which are registered the names of so many illustrious travellers who have visited that tomb, the Holy Father, instead of inscribing his name, wrote the following verses of Canto II. of the *Purgatory*.

Non e il mondan rumore altro che fiato
Di vento, cher or va quindi, ed or va quindi.
E muta nome, perche muta lato.

"The noise of the world is but a breath of wind, of which the direction varies, and which changes its name when it changes its direction."

A noble edifice was the other day nearly destroyed by fire: the splendid Church of Saint Jacques at Amiens. A magnificent organ which had been only placed in the Church a few days before was reduced to ashes; not the slightest vestige of it now remains. The Church ornaments and a portion of the furniture were saved. The pillars and cornices were burned, and will have to be replaced; the choir was entirely destroyed. The Church furniture was not insured, but the Church had been previously insured by the Municipal Council, in four companies, for the sum of 250,000 francs. The most heroic efforts were made to save the sacred building. A soldier of the 2d Dragons, who was on the roof, seeing that his pantaloons were burning, coolly tore off the ignited part and continued his perilous work. Another dragoon, accompanied by a citizen, climbed up the roof of a house near the steeple. The roof gave way, and they were both precipitated into a neighboring yard. The citizen was dangerously injured and remained senseless on the ground. The brave dragoon, careless of his own injuries, succored the wounded man until the arrival of aid. The dragoon's name is Syllas, and most probably the Cross of the Legion is in store for him.

A young lady, twenty years old, bearing one of the noblest names of Provence, the daughter of the Marquis d'Isard Vauvenargues, niece of General Rostollan, and whose fortune, connections, and brilliant personal qualities, held out such flattering promise of mundane happiness, took the veil yesterday in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart.

M. L'Abbe Mongenot, Superior General of the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine, died the other day at Nancy. The venerable ecclesiastic was sixty years of age.

CITY NEWS.

THE MEAT MARKET.—The cattle market was not so fully supplied on the last market day as usual, there being but 2,703 beefs against 4,832 the week previous. Owing to this circumstance, there was an advance of one cent per pound on beef. A large proportion of these offered were in thin condition and needed much more pasturage. This was more particularly the case with some 300 Texan head, driven in after a short grazing in Illinois. Cattle of this description need at least an entire year's feeding after leaving the wild pastures before they become fit for market. A greater number of sheep and lambs (13,836) were driven in than for a long time previous. The majority were light and thin. The market appears to be at present overstocked with this description; notwithstanding, a few sheep in good condition sold well. Fewer Hogs were offered than usual and prices presented an upward tendency.

TAKEN IN AND SOLD.—A merchant hailing from Nashville, Tennessee, was taken in and done for in Broadway, in the early part of last week. It appears he brought his family to this city for the purpose of spending some time, and being desirous of purchasing "something nice" for one of his boys he sallied down Broadway, but had not gone far when the exclamations "Going! Going!—Gone!" struck upon his ears. He imagined the store from which these sounds proceeded must be "something of a place," and accordingly stepped in and commenced mercantile operations by purchasing a gold watch for \$25, and continued to persist in his purchases until he became fleeced of \$137.

THE RHINA GUARD OF STATEN ISLAND.—The members of the above company had a good time of it at their annual excursion which took place to the Pagoda on the 24th ult. Headed by Manahan's brass band they passed through the streets of the principal villages on the east side of the Island, and elicited by their handsome and soldier-like appearance the marked approval of their beholders. After shooting for some valuable prizes a sumptuous repast was provided, which had the effect of eliciting some appropriate speeches and sentiments.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.—This notable personage has signified her intention of appealing from the Surrogate's decision. In case of an appeal, the question goes to the Supreme Court General Term. She has lately disposed of a considerable share of property. A house and lot on Forty-sixth street brought her five thousand dollars on the 11th ult., and about ten days previous to the above sale, some real estate owned by her in the town of Bergen was disposed of to her lawyer, Wm. H. Stafford, for \$2,500. It is said her daughter Helen is shortly to be married.

A COMMERCIAL PANIC.—Considerable excitement has been created in our midst for a week past resulting from the report of a number of failures. Two extensive speculators and stock jobbers in Wall street, a Banking House in Rochester and a business party in Boston were among those most freely named. There is a strong apprehension afloat that greater and much more extensive failures are certain to take place shortly.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.—The risk frequently attending the handling of firearms was fatally exemplified on Saturday evening last in the Bowery, when a young man named Holley, while practising in a shooting-gallery, shot himself in the eye, from the effects of which he died shortly after.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS.—A human skeleton, two silver dollars, bearing date 1772 and 1773, as well as several continental buttons, were found by a party of workmen in Brooklyn, a few days since.

The bodies of some of those persons lost on board the ill-fated propeller J. N. Harris, was washed ashore near River Head, Long Island, on Thursday last. The exact position of the wreck has been ascertained, owing to the rising of one of the masts to the surface. It is intended to raise her without delay.

Mortimer Livingston, a well known and prominent citizen, died rather suddenly in Staten Island on Monday week last. Mr. L. was agent of the Havre line of steamers. The principal merchants of the city attended his funeral, and the shipping in the harbor had their flags displayed at half-mast.

The Custom House officers have seized forty thousand cigars on board the bark Express on the 25th ult., on a charge of being smuggled.

The Democratic General Committee, of which Wilson Small is chairman, met at Tammany Hall on Friday evening last, and appointed a committee, consisting of Josiah Sutherland, R. B. Connolly, Michael Toumey, Wm. J. Brisley, Bernard Kelly, Anson Herrick and Wilson Small, to ascertain and report upon the practicability of harmonizing the conflicting interests of the Democratic party in this city. The committee were invested with power to confer with committees of other Democratic organizations with the view of adjusting differences. It is, indeed, high time that those insane differences should subside; they have been persisted in for a long time without interest or profit to either party.

The police have received orders to prohibit the organ-grinders from discoursing any more music after 10 o'clock at night. It would be of much more importance to put an end to the barking of dogs which is certain to commence about that hour and to continue without intermission until morning.

The Germans of this city have generously contributed a further donation of \$492 for the widow and children of John Muller, who was killed on the 12th of July last by the police in the seventeenth ward.

Since the inauguration of the new police crime of all sorts has multiplied about the Tombs. The morals of many among the new men have suffered considerably since their elevation to office. So says the *Tribune*.

Mrs. Wendell, a widow lady of considerable property, residing in West Thirty Second street, near Fifth Avenue, was found dead in her bed on the morning of Wednesday, the 26th of August.

A destructive fire took place in Hammerly street last week by which six horses belonging to various individuals were burned to death. It is supposed the fire was the work of an incendiary.

We find it stated that *Putnam's Magazine* has been sold to J. M. Emerson & Co., who intend uniting it with their *United States Magazine*.

A nephew of Mrs. Cunningham's, named John Hempstead, is at present in jail on a charge of bigamy.

There were 613 deaths in this city during the week, a decrease of 87 as compared with the former.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

FUNERAL OF THE REV. EDWARD TAMPLIN.—The mortal remains of the much-respected and deeply-lamented Father Tamplin arrived in this town from Dublin, and were attended by a vast concourse of all classes and creeds. Indeed we have seldom seen so large a funeral procession in this locality. Upwards of one hundred vehicles of every description passed through Ennis, and we understand that very many who accompanied the cortege from Limerick withdrew as they approached the village of Clare. To enumerate the many virtues of this lamented gentleman, is we feel unnecessary. His remains were interred in Barefield chapel, his native parish, where the funeral obsequies were celebrated, which were attended by a large concourse of clergymen and gentlemen from several parts of the county.—*Clare Journal*.

THE LATE REV. DR. O'RAFFERTY.—The month's mind for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty, the late venerated pastor of Tallamore, was celebrated in the elegant and spacious parochial church raised by his zeal for the glory of God, and in which he so worthily ministered for a period extending over thirty-seven years. The ceremonial was attended by no less than seventy-one clergymen from all parts of the country, headed by the prelates of Meath and Kildare, all anxious to pay the highest tribute of respect to the memory of the good priest, and to offer up their supplications to the throne of grace for his everlasting rest. The town presented on the occasion all the exterior signs that could betoken the deep and heartfelt grief of the people for the loss of their best friend, adviser, and generous benefactor.

LORETTO CONVENT, LETTERKENNY.—A most agreeable instance of the progress of education in the "far west" of Ireland was afforded by the annual examinations of the Loretto School at Letterkenney, county Donegal. These examinations were held, in the presence of a numerous and respectable circle of visitors, including the Reverend Mr. McMenamin, C.A., some of the clergymen of the diocese, the ladies of the neighborhood, the parents of the children, and the leading inhabitants of the town. The head and district inspectors of National Schools, P. J. Keenan, Esq., and J. Gillis, Esq., were also present during the greater part of the proceedings, and appeared greatly interested in the examination. It was, indeed, a delightful spectacle.

The "Annual Retreat" of the clergy of Tuam diocese was held in Tuam on Monday, the 17th August, at St. Jarlath's College.

DIOCESE OF CLOYNE.—At the close of the retreat of the clergy of the diocese of Cloyne, held at Fermoy the week before last, after the "Te Deum" had been chanted, the Right Rev. Dr. Keane called on the Rev. Thomas Croke, P.P., of Charleville, to advance to the steps of the altar, where, kneeling in the presence of the Bishop, the Rev. gentleman, with his right hand placed on the Missal, read aloud Pius IV.'s profession of faith, as prescribed by the Council of Trent, and was thus inaugurated V.G., to the great satisfaction and approval of his assembled brethren.

The *Sydney Freeman* reports a meeting of Catholics held at Walcha, New England, Australia, to deliberate about the building of a new church. A gentleman named Levinston made the handsome and generous offer (which was thankfully accepted by the committee) to erect the church at his own cost, until such time as the necessary amount should be collected. The meeting, before separating, contributed £180 in the room.

At the solemnities celebrated in honor of the holy martyr, St. Lievin, Apostle of Flanders, and which terminated at Essche, there were prelates and clergy present from the four quarters of the globe. Mgr. de Charbonnel, of Toronto, represented America; Mgr. Carh. Capuchin, Bishop of Hindostan, represented Asia; and M. Borghar, a cure of Algeria, represented Africa.

The *Patrie* says that the Cure of St. Elizabeth's Church, the friend of Beranger, and who was present at his death-bed, is about to publish a statement respecting the last moments of the departed poet. Such a work cannot fail to be highly interesting, and we shall gladly hail its appearance.

The parishioners of Ballyporeen have presented the Rev. James Hanigan with a beautiful purse, containing eighty sovereigns, on his removal to the curacy of Kilgobnet. This large amount, from a rural parish, is a proof of the affectionate regard in which he was held, and never was a tribute of respect more deserved.

Miss Hanly, near relative of the late Right Rev. Dr. Foran, received the white veil at the Presentation Convent, Lismore. Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty, P.P., assisted by the Rev. P. Meany, C.C., Clashmore, officiated. There was a numerous attendance of priests from the surrounding parishes.

The monthly collection for July, towards the completion of the new parochial churches of Wexford, amounts to upwards of £160. This amount does not include the district collections, but only the sum received from distant benefactors in North America, the East, India, &c.

The Rev. David Power has been transferred from Carrick-on-Suir to Tournema, and has been replaced by the Rev. Timothy O'Connell. The Rev. T. O'Brien has been transferred from Ballybricken to the curacy of Tramore.

Great preparations are in progress in the town of Gort for the reception of the Sisters of Mercy in their convent house in that town, which was formerly the family residence of the late Lord Kiltartan.

The *Stanford Mercury* announces that Lord Boyle (eldest son of the Earl of Shannon) and the Honorable Thomas Lyttleton Powes (eldest son of Lord Lilford) have embraced the Catholic faith.

The Bishop has received from the parish of Arles, per the Rev. P. Hickey, P.P., the sum of £12 12s. for the funds of the Catholic University.—*Carlton Post*.

The Rev. Mr. Foley, C.C., Six-mile-bridge, has been appointed parish priest of Doora, in the room of the late lamented Rev. Mr. Tamplin.

The Pope is expected at Rome on the 5th of September, and the monument of the Immaculate Conception is to be inaugurated on the 8th of the same month.

The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan confirmed 1,000 persons in the chapel of Dunkerrin lately.

Domestic.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.—In the year 1834, the Rev. S. T. Badin, the patriarch of the American priesthood, while travelling through the Northern Counties of Indiana, visited the spot now known by the name of Notre Dame du Lac, but then lying unknown and unnoticed in its native forest wilderness and beauty. Struck by its loveliness, or, to speak more correctly, secretly influenced by that Providence which directs the most apparently unimportant events for the accomplishment of its own eternal designs, Father Badin resolved at once to secure this spot to the Church as the site of a future College. This resolution he executed; in the year 1837 it passed into the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vincennes, and after his death, into those of his successor, Monsieur de la Hailandiere, who transferred it to the Rev. Mr. Bach, priest of the Misericorde, under the obligation that within two years he should have erected, or at least commenced, a College Building and a Novitiate upon the site. Mr. Bach dying soon after, and his Society failing to fulfil the required condition at the expiration of the period prescribed, Bishop de la Hailandiere gave the land, under the same stipulations, to the Rev. Father Sorin, Priest of the Holy Cross, who, with a few lay brothers of the same Society, had come to America about a year before. In 1832 they first took possession, and in a few years were enabled, by the blessing of God, and under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to erect a large and commodious College building, which having been recently completed according to the original plan, can well compare, at present, with any literary institution of the western States. It was incorporated by the Legislature of Indiana in 1844.

—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph*.

URSULINE CONVENT AND ACADEMY IN SPRINGFIELD, DIOCESE OF ALTON, ILLINOIS.—One of the first acts of the new Bishop of Alton, Right Rev. Dr. Junekeer, was the establishment of an Ursuline community at Springfield, for religious and educational purposes. The colony of the good Sisters, than whom none could have been found more eminently qualified, was obtained at the Ursuline Convent of St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio. The Mother House has greatly prospered, and we have no doubt that the affiliation in the favored diocese of Alton will be blessed with equal success, or greater, and, in due time, without suffering any diminution of its own light, kindle other luminaries in the religious and literary firmament of the diocese of Alton.—*Ibid*.

Rev. Edward Fitzgerald was ordained Priest, and Mr. Peter Huber received the clerical Tonsure and four Minor Orders, from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on Saturday, Octave of the Assumption, in the Seminary Chapel. Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald belongs to this diocese and Mr. Huber to Natchez.—*Ibid*.

THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON.—A meeting of the Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec was held in the Archbishop's Palace during this and last week. There were present the Right Rev. Dr. Farrell, of Hamilton, the Bishops of London, Bytown, Three Rivers, Cydonia, St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, St. Boniface, and Vancouver Island; Bishop de Charbonnel being absent in Europe, en route for Ireland and Scotland, in order to obtain Irish priests for Upper Canada, where they are so much needed. The chief object of the meeting of those prelates is the election of a Bishop of Kingston, a successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan. Upon whom the lot has fallen, we are not yet authorized to say. Our readers will not, however, be a great while in doubt. The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Kentucky, was also present in Quebec during the past week. The number of prelates present amounted to nine, including the Archbishop. It was the most imposing assemblage ever held in Quebec.—*Toronto Mirror*.

DEATH OF THE REV. C. BRENNAN.—Died on the 17th day of July, Rev. C. Brennan, Assistant Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Washington, aged 43 years. In his ministry he was respected for his sterling worth and solid piety, by many friends and a large congregation, and during his long and tedious illness, he gave great edification by his patience, humility, and faith. May he rest in peace.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

ORDINATIONS.—In St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday, 30th ult., his lordship the Bishop of Hamilton publicly ordained several young ecclesiastics.

The Rev. Edward Farrelly, Pastor of the Church in Milford, Ms., died in that town last week of consumption. He was about thirty years of age, and was highly esteemed for his many good qualities. He had but recently returned from a voyage to Europe.—*Ibid*.

Our Right Rev. Bishop was in Rome on the 29th July, where he intended to spend a few days and then return to Ireland. His health continues favorable.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FAMILY MARKETING.—The marketmen still manage to keep up the price of potatoes. During the week they fell to \$2.25, but went up to \$2.50 per barrel again; we cannot see that this rate can be maintained long; the yield of potatoes has been large throughout the country, and the price is bound to fall. We have yet to quote good merchants at \$1.60 per bbl. Large quantities of sweet potatoes are in at \$2.50 and \$3.00 a barrel, a ridiculous high price. Consumers should abstain from eating them until prices come down. Norfolk still supplies the New York market with this edible. Apples and pears come in slowly, and are high. Corn and tomatoes are very cheap, and poor people ought to use them for food as much as possible. They are nutritious food, and economical besides. There are some very fine melons in market. Cabbages, beets, &c., are cheap. There is nothing new to note in meat beyond the fact that it continues high, but consequently being cheap. There is much salt beef for sale. Fish is unusually scarce for this season, and is consequently high. Lobsters, which have been abundant heretofore at 6 cents per lb., are beginning to run out. The season for them commences in March and lasts until cool weather, when the lobsters leaves for deep water. A great demand has sprung up of late years for soft-shell crabs, which are deemed quite a luxury by gourmands.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is quite dull and heavy for Western Canada Flour and Southern grades. The inquiry is confined to the home and Eastern trade; the sales are 4,200 bbls. at \$5.60 and \$6.15 for common to good State; 1,000 bbls. at \$5.60 for choice; 800 bbls. at \$5.60 for superfine Michigan, and Indiana \$5.60 and \$5.67 for extra Michigan and Iowa, and common to good extra Ohio; \$7.48 and \$7.50 for good to choice do.; 40 75/100 for State brands, and \$7.48 and \$7.50 for extra Indiana. Canadian Flour is rather easier; the inquiry is fair, and the receipts more liberal; sales of 800 bbls. at \$6.20 and \$6.25 for superfine, and \$6.65 and \$6.70 for extra brands. Southern Flour is a shade easier; the supply of low grades is larger, and the demand heavy; the sales are 2,100 bbls. at \$4.40 and \$4.50 for common to good brands, Alexandria, &c., and \$7.48 for the better grades. Rye Flour is quiet, and is lower; sales of 260 bbls. at \$3.90 and \$3.25. Corn Meal is steady; the arrivals moderate; sales of 130 bbls. at \$4.15 for Jersey, and \$4.25 and \$4.40 for Brandywine.

HIDES.—There is a moderate business doing at about former rates; the sales are 4,000 Calcutta Cow, dead green, at \$1.50 per piece; 6 months; 1,500 Dry Easterns on private terms. 200 do. at 25¢; 3¢ less 5¢ cent. for cash, and 1,775 Porto Cabello from second hands, at 29¢/6000, 6 months.

HAY.—The inquiry is fair for shipping; sales of 570 bales at 75¢/80¢, \$1.00 D.

PROVISIONS.—The inquiry for Pork is more active and the market is better for Mess and steady for Prime; sales are 1,875 bbls. at \$25.75 and \$26.75 for Mess, and \$21.75 for Prime; 250 bbls. at \$25.75 for Choice. Beef in fair demand and is firmly held; the arrivals are moderate; sales of 166 bbls. at \$17.68 for Repecked Mess, and \$18.50 and \$19.00 for extra do. Prime Mess is quiet at \$20.20 D. Beef Hams are steady; sales 15 tons at \$23.50 for \$20 D. Bacon is firm; small sales at 15¢. Lard opened steady, but at the close was hardly so firm; sales of 260 bbls. and 100 do. at 16¢/16½¢. Butter is in fair demand and is firm; the arrivals are not large; sales of State at \$12.25, and Ohio at 15¢/20¢. Cheese is in demand at 9¢/10¢.

SCOTCHS continue flat—buyers are very shy; the sales are only 100 hbls. Cuts at 8¢/8½¢. Reduced sympathy with raw, and are dull and nominal.

WHEAT.—The market is easier and closes lower; sales of 800 bbls. at 71¢/72¢; the latter rate for small lots.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY, MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifices occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....\$ 10 00 Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum.....130 00 Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage, Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles: viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 8 Pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 8 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 3 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlets and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Gilet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-brush, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior, age 17

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME, LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, and Quarter Pension in advance.....\$100 00 Washing.....12 00 For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above.....50 00 Music and Vocal Music, per Quarter.....12 00 Guitar.....12 00 Painting and Drawing.....6 00 No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-keeping by single and double entry; History, Ancient and Modern, and Chronology; Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French, being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c. Drawing in Oil, Indian Ink and Blue Lead; Painting in Oriental style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institution.

Pupils who board at the Academy shall be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. age 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The Infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Terms.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly in advance. Classical Course per session of ten months.....\$1 75 Commercial.....1 50 If taught, will constitute an extra charge of \$50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans. Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D., President.

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT, NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

Terms.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, \$150. Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. age 12m

SAINT JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.

Studies will be resumed in this Institution on the 23d of September. age 6

B. J. TELLIER, S.J., President.

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Comology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needlework.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the Institution necessary.

Parents have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to Villa-Maria, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of the Sisters.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on the Thursday of the third week of July, and terminating on the Thursday of September. Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with: For Summer Costume.—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs of Shoes, Boots, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs of Shoes, Boots, (and if to learn Drawing) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite to the garden and Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance).....\$18 10 0—\$74 00 Entrance, Pen and Ink.....0 12 6—2 50 Music, Piano.....3 10 0—14 00 " Guitar.....5 6 6—21 00 " Harp.....9 12 6—38 50 Drawing.....2 16 6—11 00 Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet.....8 00—12 00 Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teacher.....3 10 0—34 00 Bed and Bedding.....3 15 0—15 00 Music Lessons from Professor.....10 10 0—42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from \$30 to \$40 more than in the House in town. Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal. age 16

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and encouraged to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefits of the country air. The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is.....\$150 For Students not learning Greek or Latin.....135 Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra.....15 French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum.....20 Music, per Board, Washing, and Tuition.....8 Use of Piano, per annum.....8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No number is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c. nov 17

REV. P. REILLY, President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL, By P. SMITH, At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Classical Education.

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ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

No. 229 EAST BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY. Studies will be resumed on Tuesday, 1st September. age 6

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

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WORCESTER, MASS.

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The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and no deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

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The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half-yearly in advance. Should any defer for the space of one month to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J., President.

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Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

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THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural History, Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is designed to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

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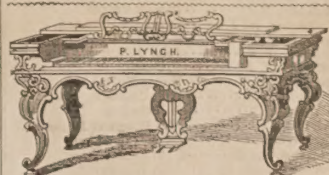
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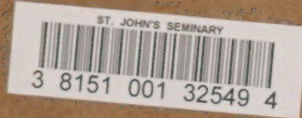
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